The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

THEODORA.

By that name you will not know her,
But if by my words I show her
Unto you as perfectly
As she always seems to me;
If, attending, you shall find
The fair picture in my mind,
This will seem her title meetest,
Gift of God, the best and sweetest.

With each impulse so enacted
That she makes the heart distracted;
Witching, as a sprite may grow,
Just a lover's playfellow:—
Coral, half-concealing pearls,
In between dark rows of curls,
And her speech, dropt soft and slowly,
Seems half ravishing, half holy.

For a very saint, too human,
Yet too saintly for a woman;
The child's sweetness in her face
Blended with maturer grace;
One, though always pure and good,
Perfected by motherhood;—
Eyes, madonna-like, love-laden,
Holier than befits a maiden.

Simple in her faith unshrinking,
Wise as sages in her thinking;
Showing in her artless speech
All she of herself can teach;
Hiding love and thought profound
In such depths as none may sound;
One half known, half comprehended,
Yet with wondrous mystery blended.

Sitting meekly and serenely,
Sitting in a state most queenly;
Knowing, though dethroned, discrowned,
That her kingdom shall be found;
That her Father's child must be
Heir of immortality;
This is yet her highest merit,
That she ruleth her own spirit.

Thou to whom is given this treasure,
Guard it, love it without measure;
If forgotten it should lie
In a weak hand carelessly,
Thou mayest wake to miss and weep
That which thou hadst failed to keep—
Crying, when the gift is taken,
"I am desolate, forsaken!"

PHŒBE CARY.

THE best beloved most distant are; the near
Far severed wide.

——Alone, alone
The soul must do its own immortal work.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. VARNEY.

As Mrs. Varney worked she talked, and much of her talk would, in another, have been wide of the mark, but her meaning was always the best, and it somehow carried whatever she chanced to express.

"Did you ever hear how it rains, Miss Gresham?" she said. "A body would hate to wenter out into this, now, wouldn't they? Why some of the walley land must be overflew, and that reminds me of Mr. Gresham; if the water should have happened to have riz in the creek before he gets along back, as it has ruz sometimes in a shorter space, he might get drownded, you know—now just think how it might all come to pass, and so divert your mind. You see, in the first place, the walley will be full of wapor, so that he mightn't see how the water had ruz, and in the next place, he might see and might try to weer his critter around, and his critter might wault right in! Mercy on us! there goes a mouse as big as a yearlin' heifer, right across your foot! Here puss! here puss! scat! scat!"—she then confidentially communicated the fact, that her Wiolet was marked on the left arm with a mush-stick! "And goodness knows, its no wonder!" she says, "for Warney riz that stict over me fifty times, I reckon, if he did once!"

After a moment's silence, a long silence for her, she went on—"I've got a notion in my head, that I wouldn't wenter to speak out to everybody, but your life is so airnest and so pure that I can say all I think to you, and my idea is about this—marks are wisible tokens, sent by the Divine Power, to teach women that if they can so impress their children by mere chance, they could impress them more wividly by woluntary choice. If a mother can give her child an ugly wisage, why ain't it wice-wersa? and why can't she give it a purty wisage? I don't underwalue education. I know its adwantages, but after all, what is done for us, has to be done mainly before we're born; many a child is wirtually wictimized before it ever wisits this wale o' tears,"—directly she added: "If we would only inwestigate the signs and wonders about us, with just a little of the wigor we waste on the wanities of the world, we would find blessings in the wery things that seem the most wexatious.

"This is only whispered to you, and I'd never wenter to speak it werbally on the house-top. Wirtue, agreeable to men's wisdom, consists chiefly in ignorance, and it dewolves on women to be wigilant as to what they express; and yet my obserwation tells me that nothing is so healthy as wentilation—the wery air gets foul when the lightning is pent up. But la! what's the use? Men is men, and when you've said that, there's no more to say!"

Now Mrs. Varney, as it happened, was a member of an evangelical church, in good and regular standing, and it not unfrequently chanced that her free thoughts conflicted not a little with the limitations of her creed, and upon all such occasions it was her habit to set herself right with her conscience by singing some solemn fragment of a hymn. In this instance she struck up:

Wital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!

And having thus hushed up matters, she once more indulged the dangerous proclivity, and fell to "harping on her daughter."

"My Wiolet," she said, "has got a poetic, wisionary turn—in fact she is so imaginary, that she sometimes inwents things and tells 'em the same as the truth!

"When she wasn't more 'an a year old, I began to see strange things developing themselves in her mind, and it set me to thinking that if these strange things *was*, there must be other strange things behind these strange things, that made the strange things strange! It stands to reason, that effects is caused by something another, and reason is reason, after all, though they do say its carnal." There she paused and interposed in a tone most melancholy if not musical:

What warious hindrances we meet
What wast entanglements!

"Well," she went on.—"when I come to see these things dewelop, and to think of things behind things, I couldn't awoid the conclusion that Wiolet's wisionary turn was all owing to the deceit practiced by Wiolet's mother.

"You know Wiolet's father was an old wandal, if ever there was one—I don't call him husband—I never could; it always went agin me, somehow; but I was married to him, and I had to make it a pint when I spoke of him, to ewade the truth—more especially when conwersing with them who was so wery pious, they had no human sympathy, for there is them that the droppings of the scanctuary make their hearts harder than they was before; well, sometimes I even inwented good qualities for Warney, and I said he was a generous prowider, and said other things for him, that wasn't true. And goodness gracious! for that matter, what woman, that's married, does tell the truth? any how, I told lies and I lived lies? And here I must say that if ever the adwersary wisits the heart of a woman, one time more deceptiously than common, its when he tempts her to take for better, for worse, the man she doesn't love! I couldn't have found another match for Wiolet's father—he was wulgar by natural wulgarity, in the first place, and then what does he go and do but beastify himself by the use of intoxicating whiskey."

"You see, I was brung up by my brother-in law's wife, for she never seemed like my own sister after she was married—well, her and him got tired on me, and when they come to have children of their own, I was made to feel all the time that I was just a charitable girl on their hands. I wouldn't have believed that my sister Mandy could have been so turned from me, but you don't know what marriage 'll make of anybody, and I must say she was the hardest of the two. I wasn't fifteen yet, when young Warney come along, and they took me in hand and married me to him, agin my own will, as you may say, for I never felt the shadow of love for him, and I said so right out. Any how, things being as things was, I had him, and I soon found that I had gone from the frying-pan into the fire! I couldn't have lived with him peaceable if I had been an angel, which I wasn't. He had a wiolent temper at any time, but whiskey made him ravingous. He pretended to be a wegitarian, Warney did, and one day when I happened to have a biled dinner, he riz from the table and upsot the dish.

"'Why,' says I, 'I thought you was a wegitarian, and I set biled wituals before you, a-purpose to please you, but it's no use to try,' says I.

"He was provoked dreadful, and he said he was, but that he wasn't well, and his appetite wacilated!

"'And,' says I, 'yes, Mr. Varney,' says I, 'I have noticed that the appetites of wegitarians does wacilate considerable, so that they prefer meat wictuals most of the time!'

"He didn't make me no answer, but he soze the mush-stick (there was a dish of hot mush on the table) and struck me a blow across the left arm that indentured me for life.

"Says I 'Warney, you're a willian, and all the world shall know it.'

"And he says, says he, 'help yourself, if you can!'

"'Well,' says I 'Warney, I can and I will help myself. I've put up with your hatefulness long enough,' says I, 'and put up with it for the futer I won't,' so on I ties my bonnet, and off I goes to Mandy and tells her all. 'I never loved the old wandal,' says I, 'and you know I never did, and my having of him was all your work, and its a wicious relation, and a diworce I will have! You and your husband,' says I, 'tied me up, and now you may untie me, for untied I will be!' And with that I fell a-crying, and I cried, and cried, and cried, and all the while I thought Mandy was a-crying, too, but when at last I riz my head, I seen right away it was my brother-in-law's wife, and not my sister that I'd appealed to.

"'You get a diworce!' says she, 'why Wic., you talk like a fool!'

"Well I speaks never a word, but I shoves up my sleeve and shows my arm.

"'What of it?' says she, 'and then she says—says she, 'never do you go about exposing such things, unless you want to disgrace yourself!'

"'Disgrace myself?' says I, 'its a disgrace to Warney, and proves him to be an old wandal—that's what!'

"'Its a disgrace to you,' says she, 'more than it is to him, and proves you to be a wixen—that's what!'

"'Mandy,' says I, 'how can you talk so? The blow was wiolent, as you can see with your own eyes.'

"'No matter,' says she, 'the eyes of the law aint like ordinary wision, and that you'll find to your cost if ever you get 'em onto you. The instrument with which the blow was struck wil make the blow same as woid, and that you'l find. Now when Warney comes to strike you with an axe'——

"'Hold your tongue, Mandy!' says I, 'If that's your consolation, I don't want no more of it! and then, says she, she says, 'put down your sleeve, and go home!' 'Mandy,' says I, 'go home, I wont! I've got no home in werity, and if the wision of the law is as you say, and it wont diworce me, I'll diworce myse'f;' and I began to take off my things. 'Wictori,' says Mandy, says she, 'You go straight home, and take this piece of adwice, if you want to be considered a respectable woman, never speak a word agin Warney to no living cretur, no matter how he acts—that aint here, nor there—what you've got to do is to windicate him through thick and thin. If you hear anything to his disadwantage, say you don't believe it, say it's a lie, and them are liars that tell it. When he drinks till he trimbles, and everybody can see it, say he's nervous—that's a good word, and means a'most anything—or what's still better, say he's trembling for your sake, being so fond of you. If he happens to fall down, hold him up, and make believe he's holding you. If wisitors come when you are unprowided, say it's all your own fault, you've got no heart to cook! Wictori, your onreasonable!'

"'Mandy,' says I, 'you adwise me, then, do you, to act lies, and speak lies, and live lies, as long as life shall continue?'

"'Live lies?' says she, 'what do you mean? I adwise you to be discreet!'

"And so I first learned (and Mrs. Varney sighed) that discretion in married folks, inwolves a wery economical use of the truth.

"I said, and I continued to say for some time, that I would be diworced one way or another, but my brother-in-law's wife, she finally conwinced me that it wouldn't do. 'Whether you're happy or not, aint the question,' she says, 'your indiwidual good aint the thing, it's the good of society you are to live for.'

"Then I said, says I, society is a wague thing, Mandy, and in my case it means two or three families, at the outside, includive of yourn, and says I, how can it be of any advantage to any of them, that I continoo to live with a drunken old wagabond like Warney? Says I, it degradens me, and it don't elewate him, and where is the adwantage to society—why there aint no adwantage, says I, for good can't come out of evil, agreeable to my observations."

"Then Mandy said, that if I was a mind to disgrace myself I might for all she cared, but it would be wile and ungrateful of me, after all she had done, to inwolve her and John and the children.

"'Well,' says I, 'my sister never shall have it to say that I disgraced her;' and so I gave up the diworce and went back home; and when I gets there, what does Warney do but fetch me another cut with the mush-stick right across my face, so that I was bed-rid for a week, and obliged, when wisitors come, to keep one cheek pretty close to the piller. But Mandy gave out that I had the typus fever, and kept folks away, pretty much—she called it *management!* Well, when I rewived a little, she says to me, she says, 'You must go and wisit the Warneys, and stay among 'em till your face gets well, else it 'll come out after all my *management* for you! It will reflect credit on your husband,' says she, 'and make things look right all 'round.' 'But my face, Mandy, says I—that'll speak for itself.

"'Goose!' says she, 'havn't you got no inwention? Give out that you fell agin the spokes of the wehicle after you set out—that will explain appearances, and be discreet.'

"Now I didn't like the Warneys, they was all wulgar by natural wulgarity, and I never went among 'em woluntarily, but Wiolet's father was bound to hide me somewhere, and there was no other place available. I hate wisiting, especially wisiting that inwolves carrying a trunk, and as fur as my observation extends, even a walise makes slightly agin the wisitor.

"Well, I made all the excuses I could, but Warney wouldn't hear to nothing, and Mandy, she set up on his side, and once when something was being said about the wisit, I up and says, says I, 'the Warney's is all wery nice folks, indiwidually and collectively, but for all that, says I, their not just my sort.'

"Warney was provoked, and he up and says, says he, 'Do you wenter to say to my face that the Warneys is beneathen you? Do you mean to say that, Miss Warney?' I was always afeared of him when he was anyways polite to me, for it was a sure sign he was uncommon vexed—so says I, no, says I, I don't say that, but I do say they havn't had my sociable adwantages.

"'And I say,' says Warney, 'adwantages, or no adwantages, you've got to wisit 'em—didn't you wow to love, honor and obey me?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'Warney;' and then I up and told him right out, that if there was a westige of anything in him to love, or to honor, or to obey, he need not remind me of that wow; but anyhow, after all was said and done, I went and wisited the Warney's, and said, 'I fell agin the wehicle and disfigured my face.' I didn't mind it on my own account, but it pained Mr. Warney wery much! I even called him my dear, and was, Mandy said, *discreet* for once!

"In fact I sold two bed blankets and my brass kettle and a welvet cape, I had before I was married, to buy Warney a ruffled shirt, and fix him up for that wisit. There was only one thing that I couldn't and wouldn't do, I wouldn't call the old man and woman Warney, father and mother; I couldn't wanquish my pride to that extent; but aside from that I never breathed an honest breath during the whole wisit, and if my Wiolet has a wisionary turn, I have myself to blame for it. Not but what she takes after her father, too, for he was like his father before him, and the truth wasn't in him. Dear suz, when I think what a perwerse willain he was, and what a wile life he lead me, I can't for the life of me see how it was for the good of society; anyhow, it was no adwantage to me."

"When he was took, says I, 'The *Law* gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' and so I windicated my piety, and awenged myself."

At this juncture Mrs. Lydia Ripley came plashing through the sloppy door-yard, and Mrs. Varney hastened to the porch-side to meet and welcome her. "I knew you'd come, Liddy," she says, "for all o' the bad night, but I s'pose there is them would 'a' kep' you if they could!" This was a thrust at Mr. Israel; Mrs. Varney could never understand that mystery of the oneness of the two persons, and had therefore no idea of wounding Mrs. Ripley. But that little woman had practised *discretion* so long, that where her husband was concerned, she had no clear perceptions of the truth. I do not state this to her disparagement, it was not a willful dereliction, but just the pitiable ne-

cessity of an unnatural relation. "Iserl, if you mean him," she says, "was not at all opposed to my coming, except that he was afraid I might take cold." "Oh indeed," says Mrs. Varney, "it was wery good of him I am sure, to be willing you should wisit the sick and the dying, as a body may say! How is he, anyhow? I raly should wish he'd get well, or something or 'nother, if he was my husband! Of all things, I do think a man with a chronicle disease is the most wexatious!" "If it's vexatious to us, what must it be to those who endure the suffering? I often wonder, for my part, how poor Iserl can be so patient," says Mrs. Ripley. "As to the suffering," says Mrs. Varney, "there is them that makes the most of it, and as to the amiable, I've generally seen Iserl Ripley as cross as a caged bear—and speaking of cages reminds me of little Marier, how is the poor child?"

"About the same," says Mrs. Ripley, visibly agitated; "We re almost afraid we shall never see her any better, Iserl and me."

"O Liddy!" cries Mrs. Varney, "how can you bring in Iserl there! as if he wasn't to blame for that poor little thing being just what she is. It was that man's severity and wiolence that brought her to her witless condition, and if you don't know it, it's high time you did, other folks know it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Ripley turned the wet shawl that was drying on her knees, in order to get her heart out of her mouth; and then she said—"You'r always hard toward Iserl, Mrs. Varney, and outwardly he does seem harsh sometimes, but you don't know what a good, generous heart he has. In this instance, of poor Marier, you wrong him dreadfully; he was severe with her, I know, when she was little, but you must remember that I have had two other children *born* just as she is now."

"I do remember, Liddy," says Mrs. Varney, "and if they was born simple, I know the reason why—they never should have been born at all!"

"Oh, Mrs. Varney! how can you so fly in the face of Providence?"

"O, Miss Warney! Yes, it's easy to cry O, Miss Warney! That's what all the world cries whenever a word is spoke on these wital subjects; and as for charging our sins to Providence, I call it a wile subterfuge. Providence doesn't send us our idiotic children, no more than he sends us our smoky chimbleys! Men and women have no sort of right to imprison immortal souls in the rickety houses that we see them put in every day."

Mrs. Ripley interrupted, by holding up both hands, and directly she said, "that even the truth was not to be spoken at all times."

"I don't speak it at all times," says Mrs. Varney. "I don't so much as wenter to whisper it; men is men, and they hold things to be wulgar, that never would be wulgar if they didn't make 'em so; and they hold ignorance to be modesty, which is where I don't hold with 'em. I never could be brought to see the adwantage of covering the lake of fire with a sheet of white paper, not even in Warney's time—*doicide* is as bad as suicide, in my opinion. And just so long as men and women wolunterily envelope themselves in ignorance, and darkness, just so long will humanity be wexed with them that are sick, and with them that are lunatic, with them that are idiots, and with them that are possessed with devils, and with all manner of diseases; and just so long will our hills be dewoted to prisons and asylums, and our walleys to the places of little graves."

Mrs. Ripley fetched a sigh, and looked demurely into the chimney-corner.

"Dear me. I'm only wexing myself to no good end," says Mrs. Varney; "men is men"—and she added, slanting her eyes upon Mrs. Ripley—"women is women, and they will have to go to the wery werge of destruction, before they will begin to work out their salwation, but I should think they was already near enough, to be set a-thinking."

It was not Mrs. Varney's nature to invoke shadows, any more than other discomforts; and by the aid of a line or two from Watts, she managed directly to get herself back into the sunshine, and proceeded to discuss with Mrs. Ripley the neighborhood gossip.

She talked of Deacon Meadows and his family, and expressed her belief that the Deacon was not so well to do as he seemed. "Lady Meadows," says she, "has a way of presenting a surface that no walid depth will warrant, and she makes the Deacon keep his best foot foremost, and between you and me, there is not so much hearth-light at the Willows, as there ought to be. Lady Meadows, in my opinion, is an inwalid rather by profession than necessity, and the Deacon, if he had his own way, would rather be onto the boards of a theatre than deacon in the church."

Of Miss Mary Meadows she said, that she was an apt pupil of Madame La Brue, and had more head than heart; of Madam herself, that she was no better than she should be, and of Mr. Job, that he was very well-disposed, very lazy, and very religious!

"I don't say nothing agin none of 'em," says she, "but I wouldn't wouch for their hearthstones being upon solid foundations, not for their steady firelight neither."

Indeed, she had something to say of everybody in the neighborhood, but only so far as the persons are connected with this story, need her opinions be reported.

Simon Killigrew she characterized as a valuable man, whether in a brick-yard, or in Congress; and she should not be surprised if he advanced to the latter position before he was forty years old; of Gilbert Smith, she said, he would be thought to have empty rooms in the attic, if it were not for his father's money; and of Walsh Hill, that he was a born fool, and had nearly converted himself into a knave.

The old man Ludlow she reported as having recently had a vision, in which he had encountered forty-two spirits! though she but repeated the common report, she said, and for her own part, hardly thought it creditable.

She did, however, believe some things she had heard about the old man's son, Courtney—and then she exclaimed, "I'd like to box his big ears for him!" from which it may be inferred, I think, that what she had heard reflected unfavorably upon the character of the young man, but as to the undue proportions of his ears, it is not unlikely that her fertile imagination accommodated itself to her retributive mood, in this regard.

Perhaps by accident, perhaps by a natural transition, her thoughts went from Courtney Ludlow to Rachael Smith. Poor girl, she said, I don't windicate her in all things, but I wouldn't wenter to throw a stone at her, if I was bode on the strength of my own higher wirtue. Rachael won't prewaricate, and that's more than can be said of some—them that turned her out of house and home, for instance, becaused she refused to lie, and say she had been married when she hadn't been."

There was another thrust at Mr. Israel Ripley, for it was he to whom her criticism was pertinent, but the faithful wife only winced in silence, and she went on—"Yes, there was them that offered to provide for her and the child, if she would only say she had been *privately* married!' "No," says Rachael, "not for no prowision, though I starve for it, will I wiolate the truth? I've got sins enough to answer for, and I won't add this to the rest! I never was married, first or last. I had a lover, and I loved him with all my heart, and with all my life. I loved him so that I never thought of myself, and that's all."

Mrs. Varney mused for a moment, and then said, "We wile creturs can't know what the angel that keeps the great account did, when he heard that; but if I had had his book, I would have writ it down in letters of gold."

Then she talked of little Wesley, of his present almost imbecile condition, in contrast with his promising babyhood. "He was so bright and so pretty," says she, "that I thought he must comfort his mother, any ways; but when I laid him in her arms, she only hid her eyes away from him, called him her stray lamb, and said how glad she would be, if she might only hide him in her bosom and go through the world, and out of the world, till she found the Good Shepherd. I told her she mustn't pray such a prayer, Mrs. Varney went on, but she kept praying it over and over; never blaming anybody but herself, nor once saying that another had been more wicked than she; and at last, to comfort her, I says, says I, We don't know how things would have been, if Adam had not fell, and if things wasn't as things is; but it seems to me to inwalidate both the diwine love and wisdom, to say that things happen so unbeknown, and so unprowided for, that such poor wictims as you must needs be turned over to the old sarpent! and I, for one, can't and won't believe it! The tears sprang to her eyes; she caught my hand, and lifting her head from the pillow, seemed to listen as for dear life, so that I could not help going on. "Take comfort, Rachael," says I, "for if the divinest love and affection that the good Lord ever implanted in woman's heart had not been took advantage of, you would have no need to pray the prayer you have prayed." I never shall forget how she looked at me; it was as if her eyes growed fast to me; they drawed me right to her, somehow, and I kissed her, and says I, I love you, Rachel, anyhow, all the same, and I took her in my bosom; and she fluttered and trembled there like a bird that has been frightened almost to death.

It all got out, what I said, and what I did, and give me a heap of trouble. Some said they would have me up in the church before I was done with it; and others, that I held my wirtue as cheap as Rachael did hers. I was showed in warious ways that I had fell from my regelar standing; when a rewival come round, and women and men fell to shouting, and falling down promixuous, the shawls and bonnets and things, wasn't given me to hold no more, as they had always been thentofore; but though my feelings was wounded up a good deal, my conscience never smit me for my word of cheer to poor Rachael."

And the good woman seemed to feel the wound afresh, for the tears came to her eyes, but she got the better of them by gazing steadily at the chimney-crane for a moment and afterward arranging the pot-hooks along it, in more symmetrical order.

She then said, that she supposed she was too free-spoke; "but," she added, "by natur my

reasonable powers was very great, and when was born agin, I didn't get so much grace as to wanquish 'em altogether."

It seemed to her, she said, that works was too little sot by—that salwation wasn't all wicarious, though some acted as though they thought so.

(To be continued.)

MISS ANTHONY'S RECEPTION.

THE entire press of this city have dealt so kindly by our Proprietor in their reports of the gathering on Tuesday evening, we are glad to express our obligation to them by republishing their notices; and we are quite sure friends abroad will pardon us for crowding out original matter for this purpose.

From the New York World.

MISS ANTHONY'S BIRTHDAY—CELEBRATION OF SUSAN'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL—GRAND GATHERING AT THE WOMAN'S BUREAU.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is again the Moses of her sex. She has perpetrated a daring innovation in regard to that subject which has hitherto been with woman the most sacred and inviolate. No more talk of women of certain or uncertain age. Susan squarely owns up to fifty; and henceforth the sterner sex need have no compunction in discussing the ages of their female friends. This act of Susan's marks an era in the woman's movement more singular and portentious than any that has preceded it. How delicate has hithero been the question of a lady's age? Who should venture to decide the number of decades, even, that have brought their summers' splendor and their winters' frost to freight the memory of the women they loved or loved not. But *nous avons change tout cela*—or or rather Miss Anthony has. A lady's age is no longer to remain a matter of uncertainty. The illusions of doubt shall be expelled, and much good may it do to those who dispel them.

A large number of friends and admirers of the private virtues and public services of Miss Anthony assembled at the Woman's Bureau in Twenty-third street last evening to congratulate the lady upon this auspicious anniversary, and to wish her the customary "Many happy returns of the day." The parlors were dazzling with light, the atmosphere laden with perfume, the walls covered with beautiful works of art, and the sweet sounds of woman's laughter and silvery prattle filled the apartments.

Miss Susan B. Anthony stood at the top of the staircase to receive her numerous friends. She wore a dress of rich shot silk, dark red and black, cut square in front, with a stomacher of white lace and a pretty little cameo brooch. All female vanities she rigorously discarded—no hoop, no train, no bustle, no panier, no chignon, no powder, no paint, no rouge, no patches, no nonsense of any kind. But there was one female weakness to which even Susan must yield. Like Miss Blimber, she appeared with a new pair of gold spectacles. And from her kindly eyes, and from her gentle lips, there beamed out the sweetest smiles to all those loving friends, who admiring her really admirable efforts in the cause of human freedom, her undaunted heroism amidst a dark and gloomy warfare, were glad to press her hand and show their appreciation of her character and achievements.

Mrs. Phelps, too, reviewed with delight the troops of friends who filled the parlors. She was draped in an elegant silk of small white and black stripes, richly trimmed with black lace.

"I am glad to see so many of our friends here to do honor to Susan," said a friend on entering the drawing-room.

"Ah," said Mrs. Phelps, "and I too. She is the Damascus blade of the whole woman movement."

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker took a conspicuous part in the proceedings. She was dressed in gray silk, trimmed with white lace; her hair was dressed in natural curls; and the lady looked as charming as could be.

Mrs. Allen, of Jamestown, was dressed in rich fawn-colored satin, with an elegant white lace shawl; hair powdered, and decorated with pearls. This lady had a most distinguished appearance. Her daughter, Mrs. Black, was dressed in green silk trimmed with white chenille; hair in long flowing curls, with chignon, and diamonds,

Mrs. Dr. Lozier was dressed in black velvet, en train.

Mrs. Randall appeared to great advantage in a rich black velvet dress and train; low-cut bodice bordered with lace.

Mrs. Munson was dressed in rose-colored satin trimmed with white lace, and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Blake was dressed in lavender silk richly trimmed with lace; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Sarah Fisher Ames was dressed in a black silk spotted with yellow satin flowers, lace shawl, and coral ornaments.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton was dressed in violet satin, short skirt, and panier, trimmed with black lace.

Among the gentlemen present were Mr. Samuel E. Sewell, of Boston; Professor Lyman, Mr. Conant, Mr. Munson, Junius Henri Brown, Mr. Fred. Moulton, Robert J. Johnston, Henry Raymond, Dr. Walker, etc.

Miss Anthony, in the course of the day, had received manypleasant notes and telegrams from her friends. Lilie Peckham, of Wisconsin, sent her the following:

Utah and Wyoming are ours. Wisconsin soon will be. Greeting and congratulation to Susan B. Anthony, the heroine of the hour.

The birthday presents Miss Anthony received were almost too numerous to mention. In the gentleman's reception parlor was pointed out a stand of rare and exquisite flowers, sent by Mrs. R. W. Pearsall, of Long Island. And, by the by, it is as well to remark that Miss Anthony wore a beautiful boquet of roses, the present of another friend. Mr. Meeker, of the *Tribune*, sent her a complete set of the works of Margaret Fuller. A very handsome pen and ink sketch was sent by Eliza Greatorex. Lucretia Mott sent her a handsome pocket-book, the contents of which, whether checks, greenbacks, or weighty gold, one need not stop to inquire. Miss Sarah Johnston presented Miss Anthony with an elegant gold watch, chain, and pin. There were smaller presents in infinite variety; and, altogether, Miss Anthony had just cause to feel delighted with the souvenirs that came to her laden with the good wishes of her friends.

At about 9:30, when the rooms were quite crowded, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker called the meeting to order, and opened the proceedings by announcing that Mrs. Ann T. Randall would read a poem from Miss Phœbe Cary.

MISS CARY'S POEM.

We touch our caps, and place to-night
The victor's wreath upon her,
The woman who outranks us all
In courage and in honor.

While others in domestic broils
Have proved by word and carriage
That one of the United States
Is not the state of marriage.

She, caring not for loss of men,
Nor for the world's confusion,
Has carried on a civil war
And made a "Revolution."

True, other women have been brave,
When banded or hus-banded,
But she has bravely fought her way
Alone and single-handed.

And think of her unselfish strife,
Her generous disposition,
Who never made a lasting prop
Out of a proposition.

She might had chosen an honored name,
And none had scorned or hissed it:
Have written Mrs. Jones or Smith,
But, strange to say, she Missed it.

For fifty years to come may she
Grow rich and ripe and mellow,
Be quoted even above "par,"
"Or any other fellow;"

And spread the truth from pole to pole,
And keep her light a-burning,
Before she cuts her stick to go
To where there's no returning.

Because her motto grand hath been
The rights of every human,
And first and last, and right or wrong,
She takes the part of woman.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,"
To aid, not to amuse one;
Take her for all in all, we ne'er
Shall see the *match* of Susan.

After various other exercises, including the reading of poems and letters and delightful recitations, by Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Randall, Professor Lyman and Miss Clara Norris, there were calls for the recipient of all these compliments.

Miss Anthony came forward and was received with loud applause. She said if this were an assembled mob or a convention which declared that woman should not vote and speak, my tongue would be loosed, and I should know what to say. I never made a speech except to set people to work. So soon as cultivated women come up and are ready to do the speaking, I shall fall back. My work is that of subsoil plowing. But I have before me a number of elegant and educated women who know how to speak and reason upon these things; women who write, and sing, and utter in public those sentiments and ideas of whose truth they are inwardly convinced. The public taste demands this too; the public demands the discussion of women's rights everywhere on the lecture platform, and will hardly admit the discussion of any other topic. With the tide thus rising in favor of the equal rights of women, I can only stand dumb before you. Yet still I will ask you to work heartily for the cause. The women of Wyoming and Utah already have the ballot; that has been decided. But what is the state of things in New York? Here the women are told that they must go down into John Morrissey's district and beg the ballot of his constituency, if they want to have a part in the government. I ask you, then, as your best testimony of my services on this the twentieth anniversary of my public work, to join me in making a demand on Congress for a Sixteenth Amendment giving women the right to vote. And then to go with me before the State Legislatures to secure its ratification, and when the Secretary of State proclaims that that amendment has been ratified by twenty-eight states

then Susan B. Anthony will stop work—but not before.

Mrs. Randall, of Oswego, being called upon to do something towards entertaining the guests, recited a piece entitled "The Chiming of the Bells," intended to illustrate the different tones of the bells of churches of various religious sects, and the language they would use in summoning worshippers, could they speak. The rendering of the piece was very effective and charming, and Mrs. Randall received more than her share of applause.

The "closet scene" from "Hamlet" followed; Professor Lyman taking the part of the melancholy Dane, while Miss Clara Norris, who has appeared several times at the theatre of the Union League Club, personated *Queen Gertrude*. The parts were both well taken; the efforts of Miss Norris being especially commended. This lady intends soon giving up readings altogether and going on the stage. She will visit Boston in a few days for the purpose of carrying out this plan.

During the evening the ladies were invited to take the gentlemen down stairs and offer them some refreshments. A handsome cake was especially recommended on the ground that it was made by a country schoolmistress. Ice cream and confectionery were also passed around, and the scene in the dining-room was both social and pleasant. One gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, noticing a vase of cigar-lighters on the mantel, became horrified at the idea of the ladies of the "Bureau" smoking, but on being informed that the room was occupied by Parker Pillsbury, recovered his equanimity.

From the New York Tribune.

CAREFUL readers of the *Tribune* have probably succeeded in discovering that we have not always been able to applaud the course of Miss Susan B. Anthony. Indeed, we have often felt, and sometimes said, that her methods were as unwise as we thought her aim undesirable. But through these years of disputation and struggling, Miss Anthony has thoroughly impressed friends and enemies alike with the sincerity and earnestness of her purposes; and the pleasant little gathering, last night, at the Woman's Bureau to celebrate her fiftieth birthday, as reported elsewhere, has, in this light, an interest for many who have small sympathy with the Woman Suffrage movement.

THE SEMI-CENTENARY OF THE WOMAN'S BUREAU. MISS ANTHONY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Fifty years ago the full moon of Suffrage rose in the small, red and wrinkled countenance of the infant Susan B. Anthony, "AGITATION is the word," says Miss Anthony in these, her later years. Agitation was probably the word then, as a happy family surrounded the cradle of the boisterous phenomenon. Miss Anthony has compressed into her half century a deal of work, talk, hurry and resolution. Beginning with the Women's Temperance Conventions in 1848, she has strewn the gliding years with organizations, societies, conventions innumerable, to the wonderment, if not always to the admiration, of an observant world. "Through all these years," remarks Mrs. E. C. Stanton, "Miss Anthony was the connecting link between me and the outer world—the reform scout who went to see what was going on in the enemy's camp, and returning with maps and observations to plan the mode of attack. . . . . Whenever we saw a work to be done, we would together forge our thunderbolts in the form of resolutions, petitions, appeals, and speeches on every subject—uniformly accepting every invitation to go everywhere and at everything." It has been intimated that Miss A. has not remained sweet Dian's notary (vote-ry?) in maiden meditation fancy free, because nobody asked her to change her name and station. Many victims, we are told, are carrying crushed hearts and blighted hopes through life, and all because of the unrelenting cruelty exercised by this usually good-humored woman toward the whole male sex.

Miss Anthony's birthday was celebrated last evening, at the Woman's Bureau, formally, brilliantly and picturesquely. The parlors were crowded by groups of earnest friends, who came prepared to testify, poetically and substantially, their appreciation of Miss A.'s character and actions. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Sewall, Boston, the queenly sculptor, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, Junius Henri Browne, Mrs. Mary F. Gilbert, Dr. Orsina Fowler Smith, Mrs. Dr. Clemence Lozier, Mrs. Langdon, and Mrs. Anna T. Randall. Mrs. Phelps assisted Miss Anthony in receiving her guests with graceful cordiality. Miss A. was attired in a pretty silk frock presented by Miss Anna E. Dickinson, and seemed both touched and pleased by the congratulations of her friends.

Numerous substantial gifts in the shape of checks, etc., attested the sincerity of these expressions.

Mrs. Hooker read a few lines addressed to Miss A. by her husband, who styles the subject of his pen, "the maiden Mars." Said Miss Susan, smiling pleasantly, "I suppose you expect me to blush now." "Oh, no," said Mrs. Hooker, "the reporters will take care of that."

The following verse came from the lips of the versatile Mrs. Bronson:

> Though from all diseases we try to be free,
> This contagion you'll covet with me,
> Though it seems paradoxical, let us desire
> That we all may catch St. Anthony's Fire.
>
> * * * *

From the New York Sun.

MISS ANTHONY'S BIRTHDAY.—A BRAVE OLD MAID RECEIVING HER FRIENDS' SUBSTANTIAL CONGRATULATIONS.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, having had the courage to acknowledge herself fifty years of age, a committee of her friends planned a little entertainment in her honor last evening at the Women's Bureau in East Twenty-third street. Notwithstanding the wet weather, the handsome parlors of the Bureau were well filled. * *

From the New York Times.

MISS ANTHONY'S BIRTHDAY.—FIFTY YEARS OF LIFE AND TWENTY OF WORK—A PLEASANT GATHERING AT THE WOMAN'S BUREAU—LETTERS, POETRY, DECLAMATION AND A SPEECH.

We are familiar with the story of the man who boasted that he had written an anonymous letter and signed it with his own name. Imitating his illustrous example, the ladies of the Woman's Bureau planned a surprise party to celebrate Miss Anthony's fiftieth birthday, and kindly prepared their victim for the shock. Birthdays, it may be well to mention, are both honorable and ancient institutions. They run back to a time whence "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It was eminently fitting that Miss Anthony should have one, and may be taken as a symbol of the equality of the sexes, in this one respect at least. Miss Anthony, moreover, bears her fifty summers lightly. Whatever our sentiments may be as to the cause she advocates, we do full justice to her restless energy and activity and unswerving fidelity to her principles. Charming and cordial in her manners, with kind words for all, she welcomed each guest last evening and set them at once at home and at ease. * * *

From the New York Herald.

"SUSAN'S" HALF CENTURY—FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY—PERSONAL SKETCH FROM HER OWN IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTION—TWENTY YEARS OF WOMAN'S WORK—COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL BY HER WELL-WISHERS AND FELLOW-WORKERS.

Miss Susan B. Anthony attained the fiftieth anniversary of her birth yesterday. The ladies of the Woman's Bureau very commendably arranged that this eventful day should not pass without a celebration, and, though it was opposed by Miss Anthony, she yielded to the counsels of her friends, and with uncharacteristic meekness placed herself at their disposal.

To the invitations that the Bureau sent out inviting Susan's friends to a reception last night at the office of THE REVOLUTION, East Twenty-third street, there was a large and hearty response. The parlors of the house were crowded with a bevy of fair women and of noted men, all of whom greeted Susan with the heartiest and kindest of congratulations, and evidently sincerely wished her another fifty years' lease of her useful and eventful life. The invitation cards elegantly engraved and printed on fine paper with the letters W. B. elaborately wrought in an embossed monogram, were as follows:

> The ladies of the Woman's Bureau invite you to a Reception on Tuesday evening, February 15, to celebrate the Fiftieth Birthday of Susan B. Anthony.
>
> On this occasion her friends will be afforded an opportunity to testify their appreciation of her twenty years' services in behalf of woman.
>
> ELIZABETH B. PHELPS,
> MRS. A. B. DARLING,
> CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR.
>
> 49 East Twenty-third street, New York.

A number of letters had been received during the day from Senators and others, who were admirers of the public life of Miss Anthony, in all of which the writers testified pratically their appreciation of the public work done by Susan during the busy years of her busy life. Pleasant recognitions of the day in the shape of testimonials of regard from those among her own sex in humble life, whom she had been instrumental in benefitting, were found upon the tables, as well as similar recognitions in tangible shape from those who fill a more prominent place in public life.

It was regarded last night and was a topic of conversation that the public announcement that Susan was fifty years old was one more of the courageous things for which her life had been distinguished. Battling with the wrong and striving for the right has not left so rigid a mark of the progress of the years upon her features so as to prevent her keeping up a little fiction about her being fair and forty. Miss Anthony preferred the truth, and she says that the register in the family Bible supports the assertion that a half century of rolling years have passed before her.

Life to her has been real and earnest. She was born in Massachusetts; her mother was a Baptist and her father a Quaker. At five years of age her family removed into Washington County, N. Y., and her father commenced, in

1826, with Judge John McClain, the business of the manufacturing of cotton. Though there was no need for it, pecuniarily, the business at that time being prosperous, her father carrying out the principle that he thoroughly adhered to, that girls should be able to earn their own living as well as boys, she began to teach a school at fifteen years old, and that she continued to do until she was thirty years of age. In 1837 there was a great commercial crash, and with it her father lost his property, and the training of her early life became very useful in fitting her to acquire the means of supporting herself. She was a practical believer in temperance, and the first speech she ever made, which was in 1849, in Rochester, was in connection with this movement. It is also worthy of note that this speech was provoked by the determination of those who were in charge of this movement to prevent women speaking. Miss Anthony had not at that time heard anything about "Woman's Rights," but she set about organizing a Woman's Temperance Convention at Albany. She made the acquaintance of Mrs. Stanton in 1851; and in 1852 Miss Anthony canvassed the state upon the Temperance question. At the Syracuse Woman's Rights Convention of that year she was appointed Secretary. Finding that the drunkard's wives could not help themselves, she in 1853 called a convention in Rochester, for Woman's Rights. She obtained the services of the Rev. W. H. Channing in writing a call for a New York State Convention to be held on the 1st of December, 1853. During 1854 and 1855 she visited fifty-four of the sixty counties of the state of New York, advocating this question. In February, 1854, she went to Albany and held a State Convention there. It was at this convention Mrs. Stanton read her first address before the Legislature. Right along up to last night has Miss Anthony labored in this cause, and onward unto victory is still her motto. For ten years she also advocated the cause of women in the New York Teachers' Association, and succeeded in raising the salaries of those teachers permanently.

It is worthy of note that this "rub-a-dub of agitation," as Daniel Webster used to say, was carried on without being backed by a large subscription list. Miss Anthony worked it very much on the Micawber plan trusting to anything that might turn up for finding the pecuniary sinews of war, and she says she always had enough and to spare. The details of her management, which she explained to our reporter, were eminently practical and were crowned with success. In 1867 she committed the "mistake" for which she has not to this day been forgiven by many who sympathise with her on all the great public movements to which she is allied. In that year the people of Kansas were to decide the question of admitting to the franchise what Horace Greeley called "the less muscular sex." Kansas was deserted by Mr. Greeley and others on this question and in her Kansas campaign, George Francis Train, whom she had never seen before, joined her in "stumping" that state on the Woman's Suffrage question. Exceptions were taken as to the wisdom of this course, mainly because of Mr. Train's eccentricities, and Susan has not yet been forgiven for this daring escapade.

The remainder of Miss Anthony's public career is contemporaneous with the news of to-day; and last night showed that the hearts and heads of good and noble women recognized it as worthy of respect and commendation.

The proceedings of last evening were of a social and informal character. Groups gathered themselves around a centre table and listened to poems, letters, sentiments and addresses sent by approving friends.

From the Evening Mail.

A GOLDEN MAIDENHOOD.—CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY.—THE MAIDEN MARS.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the consistent, persistent advocate of Woman's Rights for a score of years, was yesterday half a century old. We could not have been so ungallant ourselves, had we learned the fact in a mysterious way, to have whispered it to the passing wind, lest it should go still farther, but when her dearest friends and fellow-laborers shout it from the house-tops and in tones the most imperative hurl it at the open ears of a dozen and a half reporters, our duty to the public forbids our silence. We, therefore, repeat, and, at the same time, announce that the lady glorifies therein, that Miss Susan B. Anthony is fifty years and one day old to-day.

The members of the Woman's Bureau, desirous to give expression to their delight that Miss Anthony had lived through half a century, and gave goodly promise of seeing the other half to its smaller end, invited the friends and admirers of the good lady to meet them at their rooms in Twenty-third street last evening. Nothwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather, the reception rooms of the Bureau were well filled by nine o'clock, the ladies, as a matter of course, being in large majority. As the guests arrived they were introduced to Miss Anthony by the courteous Mrs. Phelps.

Miss Anthony looked her very best, and let the truth be said, even should it be followed by persecuting proposals from the bachelors, she didn't look much more than five-and-twenty. The genial salutations and happy surroundings of the hour, effaced for the time those lines which care and earnest labor and fifty years will make, however pure the soul within. Miss Anthony was happy and she looked it. She was comely without rouge or powder, dignified and graceful in her movements, without the aid of furbelows or flowing train.

Not so, however, with many of the fair ones present, who did not scorn to add to their already ripened charms all the accessories which Fashion dictates. All the witcheries and wickednesses of the latest *mode* were on exhibition—the patch, the rouge, the tempting *decollete*, the frosted cereum, the sweeping trail of countless yards of silk and satin.

Among the ladies present distinguished for their good sense and taste, and for their advocacy of the Sixteenth amendment we recognized

* * * * *

After an hour spent in pleasant chat in examining the artistic surroundings with which the rooms were decorated, and admiring the numerous gifts which had been presented to Miss Anthony during the course of the auspicious day, the formal, if we may so call them, proceedings began. Mrs. Hooker asked the attention of the guests while Mrs. Randall should read a salutation from Phœbe Cary to her friend, Miss Anthony. This being readily given, the following sparkling poem was read:

* * * * *

A fearful rush from the reporters added to the applause which followed the reading of the verses—a rush for this *morceau* from Phœbe Cary. Youth and beauty in the person of Mr. Henry Raymond carried off the prize. Indeed it seems that if this young gentleman is to continue in this field, the old stagers will have no show when this women are around. They literally crowd about him, and it is only now and then that a male admirer gets a peep at him at these conventions of the fair.

Mrs. Hooker who never made a rhyme read a very good one written by her husband, but she thought it too good for general circulation, and pocketed it for THE REVOLUTION Amen.

* * * * *

Miss Anthony wears her years and honors well. May we live till the celebration of her centenary, and she to read the report thereof next day in the columns of the *Evening Mail*.

From the New York Globe.

WHATEVER may be thought of the advanced position Miss Anthony holds on Woman Suffrage, no one of reason can doubt her life-long fidelity to the work of ameliorating the condition of woman and achieving for her sex a just respect and a noble and righteous freedom and independence. From the Roman days, when all individuality of the members of a family was entirely lost in that of the head of the house, down through the era of the English common law, when a married woman lost all independent rights, to the present time, the progress of woman has been great but comparatively slow. In these latter days, however, the aspirations and activities of woman are greatly quickened, her day of pure and perfect freedom seems and near at hand.

When the year of jubilee shall at last ring in, no name will be more highly honored than that of Miss Susan B. Anthony. And her honors have been well deserved. Early and late, in season and out of season, in places high and low, all over this broad land, by voice and pen, has she labored with unflagging zeal for the exalted liberty of woman. We are not of those who believe all blessings come with the ballot, or that the act of putting a printed slip in a box frees the mind of error, passion, or bigotry, or brings to the voter the good he most requires. Still, we do put faith in woman and delight in her exaltation. Men who have honored mothers, pure sisters, and devoted wives or loving daughters, owe to Miss Anthony a heavy debt of gratitude for her life-work in behalf of women. To-night, the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of her birthday, her friends will give a reception in her honor at the Woman's Bureau in Twenty-third street. Let it be made an occasion which will give enduring proof that men, after all, are above prejudice or low desire in their devotion to woman, and that woman really knows how to honor and be true to herself.

From the New York Courier.

MISS ANTHONY'S reception has been one of the events of the week. We are glad that this reception was a success—not only in the numbers who assembled to pay respect to a woman whom all people must honor, however much they may differ from her in ideas; but we are glad that it was a success in the literary efforts which crowned the occasion, and above all, in the more substantial testimonials of regard of which the lady was the recipient.

Men who have expended about half of the time and half of the energy in the business of money-making which Miss Anthony has expended in benefitting the race, have become millionaires, and have been held up to the rising generation as examples of industry and energy worthy of imitation. Bronzes have been erec

and numerous biographies have been written to do them honor. Had Miss Anthony labored for herself as devotedly as she has for others, she would no doubt have received the usual reward in greenbacks; and but for the fact of her being a woman, might have had a bronze erected in her honor. Who knows?

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1870.

THE change in public opinion about Woman Suffrage in England cannot fail to act on legislators here. If Mr. D'Israeli and the Tories think it worth while to concede Parliamental as well as municipal suffrage to women householders, Mr. Sumner and Judge Wilson will give the matter new consideration. There has been so much debate on the public charities that Congress has not found time to take up the Suffrage question. The respectable legislature of the nation is as dilatory as a French modiste, and you may be satisfied if the franchise comes before them next May. There is prospect of a long session this year; "school keeps till June," members say, "there is so much business on hand." Don't you admire the way in which men do what they call hard work? If *one* of them was found who hadn't time to lounge on the sofas in the Senate chamber, or to smoke in the ante-rooms, I should believe that Congressmen might be an exception to their sex. Men find everything in order for them in the morning at home, take their breakfasts, and go down to the office in a serene frame, as regards time, and work begins in this manner:—divers pickings and fussings about the desk, settling back in the chair for ten minutes, to make a survey of business. Note to write to pretty girl—chaffing with the book-keeper—foolscap brought out and heading written—five lines produced. Cigar out—light another—man comes in:—"Seen the news about Tweed and the Ring?" Hunting of newspapers and brief jokes. The two settle down to write, opposite—"How much d' you think I gave for those cigars?" Discussion interrupted by the entrance of a woman on business. Handsome woman has half an hour's time vouchsafed her. Pokey one receives three minutes, "I'm so very busy, you see." Scribbles ferociously till noon, rushes out for lunch, bolts it for want of time, comes back and plays push pin for half an hour. I have seen men who were actually so "put to it" for amusement that they would cut the Bible, that is, open it at hazard, and read verses, as if for divination. Masculine business flies fast between two and five. Indeed most of the work of the day is done in those three hours. Man goes home to find everything in order. He toils not, neither does he spin, but shirt collars and buttons are always renewed for him without his cognizance.

When a woman attempts a vocation, she carries its work and the special duties of her sex together. She must look after breakfast if she wants it to suit her; she must darn her stockings sew and lace on her ruffles in the weary time after office or studio hours. The bother of dress-making reaches her personally, unless she is fortunate enough to find a dressmaker who is one of the anointed. Large bills won't save the annoyance, for one must dictate and oversee continually, or the half-crude dressmaker's taste will clothe one in effects utterly foreign to one's style. When she has sewed the buttons on her boots, and touched the tips with French blacking—who ever heard of a woman's shoes cared for by any one but herself?—when she has done a little shopping, and carried the extra yard of trimming to her dress-maker—when she has left a note for the friend, whose invitation for the third time must be declined—when she has dressed her own hair, mended her glove, and watered her plants, the woman may seek her studio or desk, and do you know how she works there? From ten till five I have known women in New York to write, sing and teach, with only a hasty respite for a cup of bouillon or chocolate, which, I am happy to see, supplant the nerve-destroying tea. After this, these women were ready to go home, receive company, sew for their wardrobes, or begin another half day's work in the evening. Why is it that women do not require stimulus as men do? The former are able to endure heavy tasks without the solace of cigars or brandy. I will believe the secret lies in clean lives, and the perpetually renovating power of good motives, and *steady* work. Women bring spiritual forces to their assistance; loves and imaginations cluster about their daily lessons and hide the weary way. I do not envy men their strength when it is set against this nervous, imaginative force.

Last Friday, cold and clear as it was, Mrs. Griffing chaperoned me to the Howard University for the Freedmen. In herself, Mrs. Griffing is one of the best arguments for Equal Rights I ever saw. A woman of such recognized charity and discretion, that Congress last year gave her the distribution of its appropriation for the relief of Freedmen ($30,000), is certainly fit for other trusts. You have no arguments for your cause that will go so far as living ones. Women who work will win the day, not those who fret, flatter or diplomatize.

It is telling on somebody, but there is domestic influence for Equal Rights even in the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Colfax is examining the matter, but Mrs. Colfax *has* examined it and records her decision in behalf of her sex. Mrs. Colfax deserves to be registered the most domestic woman of the government. People say the Vice-President admired her perfect house-keeping, or rather home keeping—ah, the difference!—and married her that he might have just such a home. I don't believe Mrs. Grant bothers her head, a clever one to a certain degree, about anything beyond her husband and children and her toilet. The fact is, a few women in this country have so many rights that they don't know what to do with any more; among them you and I, and Mrs. Grant and Miss Hutchinson of the *Tribune*. All the same, don't let us stand in any one else's way.

The leaven of curiosity had crept into the statistician's brain at the Agricultural Department the other day to know what women were doing as farmers, and he actually wanted to have a paper made out for the Annual Report of the Department, embodying the results of feminine horticulture. I told him about Miss Marwadel's Horticultural School on Long Island, and Miss Friller's vineyards at Cleveland and other cases I knew personally. Let us have a census of women at once, to show what they are doing in business, and how much property they represent. A woman who is clever, young and unburdened can scarcely help making money, unless she has a perilous fondness for ice cream and confectionery, or say round point. Let men see the wealth women represent, and that will be a tangible argument they cannot resist. Apropos of spending money, do you know there is a faro bank on Fourteenth st., kept by a woman, where the women clerks of the Treasury go to gamble their salaries away? It is said that women of fashion frequent the splendid haunt and stake their diamond rings on the green cloth—bless me! perhaps its a red one! I must confess ignorance of proper terms. I asked the chief in our office if it was so, and he said yes. I never go behind his authority.

If Congress doesn't have something to say on the matter of franchise in another week, I shall invent a debate myself. See if I don't!

DOUGLASS.

THE WEDDING RING.

READERS of THE REVOLUTION may be interested in the following *essay*, that seems to be going, unclaimed, the round of the press:

The wedding ring finger is the fourth finger on th left hand. Why this particular digit should have received such a token of honor and trust beyond all its congeners, both in pagan and christian times, has been variously interpreted. The most common explanation is, according to Sir Thomas Browne, "presuming therein that a particular vessel, nerve, vein or artery, is conferred thereto from the heart;" which direct vascular communication Browne shows to be anatomically incorrect. Macrobius gives another reason, which may perhaps satisfy those anatomists who are not satisfied with the above. "Pollex," he says, "or *thumb* (whose office and general usefulness are sufficiently indicated from its Latin derivative *pollo*, and from its Greek equivalent, *antichier*, which means, as 'good as a hand'), is too busy to be set apart for any such special employment; the next finger to the thumb being half protected on that side besides having other work to do, is also ineligible; the opprobium attaching to the middle fingers, called *medicus*, puts it entirely out of the question; and as the little finger stands exposed and is moreover too puny to enter the lists in such a contest, the spousal honors devolve naturally on *pronubus*, the wedding finger."

In the British Apollo, 1788, it is urged that the fourth finger was chosen not only from its being less used than either of the rest, but more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be stretched out to their full length and straightness.

DIGNITY OF DOG FIGHTING.—The New York *Sun* has been exposing a Dog Pit and reports at much length on its mysteries. Here is a specimen of the sport in which, it appears, "our most thrifty legislators and rulers" take delight. When women vote will they, too, become bettors on the teeth of dogs, and of men that bite off the heads of rats for wagers of "money stolen from the city treasury?" We shall see. But to the *Sun*:

The killing of rats by a man with his teeth is the lowest and most revolting "sport" of which human nature has been capable since the days of the gladiators and the martyrs, when the most refined Roman ladies enjoyed the "sports" of the Coliseum and watched with interest the fate and struggles of a christian maiden thrown to a wild cow or a famished leopardess. The man who pits himself against a dog, or against time, in rat-killing, catches the rats one at a time in his hand and bites or tears off their heads with his teeth. He must take the rat's head clean off, or else it does not count The rat, of course, makes all the fight he can and often gets a good grip on the man's lip, or cheek, or nose, and by the time the horrid "sport" has ended, the wretch's face sometimes presents the appearance of a gory mass of lacerated flesh. And this is one of the sports in which some of our most thrifty legislators and rulers delight, and on which they stake money which they steal from the city treasury. It is the supporters of such places who also fill out the ranks of the repeaters and low scoundrels of every kind in the city, by whom our elections are made a farce and a fraud.

A DAYTON BELLE.—Dayton, Ohio, is to have a woman as principal of a public school in the city, Miss Belle Westfall.

The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in New York, beginning on Wednesday, the 11th of May, next, and continuing through Thursday and Friday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And, in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend and take part in its proceedings.

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

Many of the ablest advocates of the cause—both men and women—will address the meetings.

Communications and contributions for this meeting should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.

CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

WHY NOT?—Mrs. Dahlgreen, wife of the Admiral, and Mrs. General Sherman are said to have instituted in Washington a counter movement to the Woman Suffrage, in which they are sustained by other influential women of the capital. Whether they also are of the army and navy is not stated, but no matter. Let all sides be heard. Even

> Cannon balls may aid the truth,
> But thought's a weapon stronger.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

GOOD friends, one and all, I have longed to put on this page just the right word. But, alas, my pen, like my tongue, refuses to give utterance to my feelings. I can only say, God bless you! and help you each and all, with me, to go forward, working more earnestly, more persistently, more efficiently than ever before to establish in the home, the church, and the state the great principles of justice and freedom that shall secure to women Equal Rights,—equal chances everywhere. To strive thus to work is the only return I can ever hope to make for the munificent gifts and appreciative words you have so generously showered upon me in commemoration of my past twenty years services.

S. B. A.

MRS. STANTON TO MR. HOOKER.

TENAFLY, New Jersey, Feb. 22.

MR. JOHN HOOKER—*Dear Sir:* Reading in my sick chamber for the first time in two weeks, my eye lighted on your letter "to the editor of the Hartford *Courant*." You speak of me as an advocate of "easy divorce." I hate and repudiate that phrase, and the promiscuous relations it seems to indicate. What I have always insisted on is, that the laws of marriage and divorce, whatever they are, shall bear equally on man and woman, which never will be the case until woman has an equal voice in their enactment and administration.

My objections to the present creeds, codes and customs bearing on marriage are not based on any want of reverence for the sacredness of that institution, but on a far higher idea than has ever been recognized in what may be properly called the "man marriage," which takes no cognizance of woman as an equal partner in the transaction.

I doubt whether the divorce laws of Connecticut even would satisfy me. I am not familiar with your code, but I will presume as your laws were made by man, they are greatly to his advantage. As the marriage laws of your State are all in his favor, it is fair to suppose the divorce laws are also. Nothing would satisfy me but the absolute equality of both sexes, especially in a relation where the happiness and interests of both are equally involved. I find many men disturbed just now lest the political equality of woman should destroy the marriage relation; but the real fear is not that in the independence of woman, it should become *less* sacred, but *more so*. When woman is free, in the state, the church and the world of work, with her own home and purse; drunkards, tobacco chewers, licentious men, gamblers and criminals will be at a discount. There will be a long line of petty tyrants, who will find no angels at their hearthstones to weep over the fantastic tricks that make pandemonium of so many homes to-day. If the Hartford *Courant* wishes to know whether "the coming woman" is to be the drudge, the tool, the toy for man she has been in the past, we may as well confess that she will not. If he wishes to know whether political equality will give her greater social freedom and dighity, assure him it will. To show what narrow ideas men have even in Connecticut about their own dignity, a young clergyman asked me in a public meeting there a few weeks since, if I thought it would be proper for a woman to lead in family worship, or ask a blessing at the table. Certainly, I replied, if she has a gift in that direction.

Many thanks for your able defence of me and my positions on several occasions.

Sincerely your friend,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

DON'T LIKE SUSAN?

THE *Tribune* says it don't like Susan's aims and methods. It thinks "her methods are as unwise as her aims are undesirable." Now if you take from a human being all her aims, aspirations, ambitions and all the special modes of action by which these ends are pursued, what is there left either to hate or love?

We fear this hostility to Susan's aims and methods, brought down to the last analysis, is a plain, palpable declaration on the part of Mr. Greeley, of no love for Susan herself; and this, too, just as all the world is rejoicing in her fiftieth birthday. Oh! Horace, Horace, if you should ever need a true friend, you would find one worth having in this same, grand, generous, magnanimous Susan. Should you ever find yourself in that peeled, down-trodden condition in which Wendell Phillips delights to paint you, utterly stripped of brogans, broadcloth, specie and spectacles, rooting for a precarious subsistence on a far off prairie, sick and alone, and Susan should chance to pass that way, she would not wrap the mantle of complacency about her, and with a cold Pharisaical indifference look at you from afar, saying, be ye warmed, fed, and clothed, but she would promptly give you raiment to put on, kindly take you by the hand, raise your drooping head, cheer your lonely heart, and take you in the first train to the Woman's Bureau, where, seated by a bright grate fire, Susan would no doubt give you her own spectacles to read the last number of THE REVOLUTION.

In the face of all Susan *would do* under a given set of circumstances, only consider, Horace, what you *do do*. While she is bravely struggling against a fearful odds, to redeem, regenerate and disenthral her oppressed sex, doing her best to conquer public sentiment, and inspire the people with faith in her, and her cause, ever and anon you, by some unworthy doubt, inuendo, or suspicion, breathed into the ears of 75,000 subscribers by a careless scratch of your pen, make some terrible breach in the Woman's Suffrage fortifications, built by years of hard and faithful labor.

MRS. TILTON.

IT may add new interest to our poetical column, for our readers to remember that it is edited entirely by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, wife of Theodore Tilton. "The Mystery of Nature," which she gave us last week, is one of the most beautiful poems ever written by her husband. I read it for the first time while riding over the prairies of Kansas, and admired it so much that writing to Mr. Tilton a few days after, I urged him to be sure and get the *Atlantic Monthly* and read it. When we met again he laughingly said, "if you had known Paul, I have no doubt you would have advised the apostle to read his own epistles."

E. C. S.

"MY MARYLAND."—Town and country are coming at the South, Maryland with the rest. Baltimore has already reported gracefully and favorably, and now the Havre de Grace *Republican* comes to greet and speed THE REVOLUTION in the good cause of Woman Suffrage.

JUSTICE WITH THE BALLOT.

The New York *World* presents the strongest argument in favor of Woman Suffrage that can possibly be advanced under the heading of

Compensation of Female Clerks.—On a question to make the compensation of the female Treasury clerks the same as the male clerks when they do the same work, the whole status of the woman employment question was gone over. The opponents of the proposed increase of salary said that, if the compensation of the male and female employees were put on the same level, the political influence which controlled the vote would soon result in driving out every female employee and giving her place to the clerk who could go home to vote.

Here, then, it is at last admitted, without circumlocution, that women cannot have equal pay with men, until they can vote. The old excuse for giving women less salaries than men, that they did not work as well, fails utterly in view of the testimony of Mr. Spinner and others to the remarkable efficiency of women in all branches of the departments in which they are employed. And the opponents of this tardy justice—oh! God of Justice, that it should have any opponents—are driven at last to own that the reason why they will not give women equal wages with men for equal work, is because they have not equal political power. One would think that every man present at this debate, possessing the smallest kindness of heart, would have gone out from it an advocate of Woman Suffrage. The cause of the poor girls was lost, of course. They must work on as hard as men at half pay or two-thirds their pay, their sex availing them no jot to lighten their labors, but very much to lighten their purses.

The women who advocate suffrage have been called foolish for claiming that the ballot would ever be of any real use to women, or affect them in the great vital question of work and wages—and yet here is a direct acknowledgment in Congress that it is the want of suffrage alone which denies justice to these female clerks; and can any one doubt that when women can vote, and in consequence are paid according to merit and not according to sex in all places where political power has any control, notably all branches of public science and school teaching, it will go a long way toward establishing the same principle of justice in compensation in other departments of labor. Well may these poor women who must wait for suffrage before they can hope for justice, cry out, How long! How long!

Oh, women of America! you who live in happy homes and are content with your "indirect influence," can you not see that something more than that is needed for your working sisters, and will you not now help them to gain that direct power which in some vicissitude of fortune may ere long help even your own dainty daughters to honor and a respectable livelihood.

L. D. B.

Let the friends begin to make ready for the annual meeting of the National Woman Suffrage Association in May. The Corresponding Secretary should at once be furnished with brief statements of Conventions held, Societies formed, Petitions circulated, Legislatures addressed, Laws and Constitutions amended, progress made in every department of Woman's work,—everything of interest in our movement, from each state; from which she may glean to make her National Report. If each and every friend will thus contribute of his and her knowledge of facts, Mrs. Wilbour will be able to compile a report that shall be truly national One that we shall be proud to place along side those of our English sisters.

ACTION IN MINNESOTA.

In the Legislature of Minnesota wee see that it is proposed that the constitutional amendment giving the women the right to vote shall be submitted to the women, and that they shall vote whether they wish to have the privilege or not.

It is to be hoped that there will be an immense and unanimous vote in favor of it. Indeed it is difficult to see how there can be any other than a unanimous result, for if any woman perchance has thought so little upon this great question as to be still under the old conservative idea that she "does not wish to vote," then most certainly she will not vote on this matter at all, for if she *votes* that she does *not want to vote* she will herself contradict herself most notably. It seems to us that the cause is about gained when the women have been allowed to go to the ballot box for any cause, and have discovered that chaos will not ensue.

If there are any women in that grand state who are willing to be taxed and tried like men, but to be voiceless in choosing their rulers, and to receive inferior wages like women, we entreat that they will at least remember that others of their sex long for greater liberty, and not stand in the way of their freedom.

L. D. B.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN UTAH.

The Mormon women have been given the right to vote, but how? The telegraph informs us that the "authorities discouraged their voting." So that after nominally giving these poor slaves liberty with one hand, they still hold them back from using it with the other.

Mark the result. "Notwithstanding this several women did vote," and what is remarkable, some voted for and some against the tyrant Brigham, showing that they understood what their liberty was worth, and resolved to use it in its broadest sense. The first step has been taken there, and we trust it will not be long ere these poor deluded women, victims of this dreadful faith, will find that they have in their hands a power which will give to them and their daughters a way out of the valley of the shadow of death in which they now dwell.

In commenting on this the *World*, with singular unfairness, does not mention the fact that the authorities withheld the women from voting, and in an editorial draws the deduction that the small number of women who availed themselves of their enfranchisement proves that they did not care to vote, when it, in fact, only proves how oppressive is the tyranny under which they live.

L. D. B.

Umbrella Girls Strike.—Two thousand umbrella girls struck last week for higher wages. Most of their work is to sew the covering on to the frames. According to the *Sun* report, their wages are about as follows: on cotton umbrellas two feet long, they have received 6½ cents, and three quarters of an hour are required for the work. For a large umbrella, nearly three feet long, 11½ cents has been paid, and for silk umbrellas and parasols, higher prices have been allowed in proportion, on account of the greater nicety of the work. But a preparation of over a month is required for the commonest work, and three or four months are

(See 1st column of next page.)

When Congress adjourns, and Senators and Representatives feel the public pulse at home, let them find it strong and full from a healthy national life, beating its rhythm for universal freedom and a recognition of the equal rights of humanity, unbiased by sex or condition of life.

M. E. J. G.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE CONVENTION.

San Francisco, Feb. 3, 1870.

Dear Miss Anthony: The convention called to meet in this city on the 26th of January for the purpose of organizing a State Woman's Suffrage Association, has been a decided success. The sessions continued four days, three per day. Our hall was crowded to excess, and so much so that on several occasions many left unable to gain admittance.

The rapidity with which the Woman Suffrage question has progressed in California is marvellous. *Thanks to* The Revolution *for this.*

As you will recollect, you did me the honor at the Convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, held in New York last May, to appoint me Vice-President for California. Vested with this power, I took measures to form an Association in this City.

As great opposition was anticipated, we moved quietly in the matter, and on the twenty-seventh day of July, in a private parlor, four ladies met with me (only five in all) and organized a Woman's Suffrage Association for the City and County of San Francisco, to be auxiliary to the "National." Our motto: *Universal* Suffrage. The numbers increased daily, and now we have enrolled several hundred names. In the meantime, our Secretary (Mrs. Celia Curtis) corresponded throughout the state. Associations were formed in various towns, and in just six months from the time when the *five* women met to organize the first association on the Pacific coast, a State Organization has been completed and a majority of the counties represented.

As you are already aware, there is a division among us in regard to the two associations, National and American. But I am happy to be able to inform you that the matter passed off quietly by the adoption of a resolution offered by Laura De Force Gordon: "That we become independent of any and every association East, for one year, or until January, 1871."

Your letter to me of January 14th, was read before the Convention, and a Committee appointed to prepare instructions for our California members in Washington, in accordance with your request, also to our Legislature now assembled.

Your noble and magnanimous feelings, as expressed in your letter, in regard to our uniting with the National or American Association are appreciated, and spoken of by hundreds. Would that there were more as *unselfish* in the cause as Susan B. Anthony, is responded to by many. Will write again soon.

Yours, truly,

Elizabeth T. Schenck.

Good Templars.—If cleansing the Temple at Jerusalem of the "bulls and bears" with a scourge of small cords eighteen hundred years ago, constituted a "Good Templar," then what were those twenty-two Good Templars, all women, who last week entered a liquor saloon in Arcadia, Wis., and "cut open, broke open and smashed up every bottle and keg in the room, until the whiskey and beer were seven inches deep on the floor, and many were wet to their knees in whiskey?"

needed for proficiency in the more skilled branches. Work is lively only four months of the year, when an average of $8 a week is earned. At other times, work averages scarcely $5. At their last meeting some of their friends of the other sex, in vindicating their cause, disclaimed the right to vote, which met with manifest disfavor; many crying out in the excitement, "I wish we could! I wish we could!" Does any one doubt whether those two thousand girls would make the ballot tell on their condition as laborers, did they possess the free use of it?

NEW ENGLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

DANVERS, Mass., Feb. 20, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: A little Massachusetts correspondence will at least afford variety to your readers if it be not otherwise important. This poor old Commonwealth, honorable as well as ancient, has been for some time past rending her garments, sitting in ashes and refusing to be comforted over the death of a Dives of her own producing, whose great luck as a broker and banker in the money which other men earned, the women helping, has made him famous in two hemispheres, and changed the old and good name of the town where I now write into Peabody. The weeping and wailing began in Portland whither the English fleet in mournful procession was directed to bear the body, but the gnashing of teeth was reserved for Boston, whose rage at seeing Portland preferred to her was said to be even more immoderate than all the sorrows of Peabody and Portland combined. She even refuses to be comforted by such wholesome consolations as Portland sought, namely, wine, music and dances. All three are continued, so a young woman from Portland told me yesterday, unto this very week. The people of this town are already in some unpleasantness about the prodigious bills which the funeral festivities have run up; and it is thought, or at least hoped, that Boston will step into that emergency, and prove the deep and undoubted sincerity of her interest in the mournful scenes by cashing the whole of them. But your readers will be glad to know that the body of Mr. Peabody rests at last in the tomb. And gladder yet must he be to know it, if he knows anything now of what is transacted of folly and wickedness in the world that is to know him no more. It is said his funeral ceremonies in England cost one ship and two human lives, and already the newspapers are chronicling a number of deaths which have occurred here in the same idolatrous orgies. If the devotees of Juggernaut cast themselves before the ponderous wheels of his car to be crushed to death, why should not the worshippers of Mammon in christian countries also before the funeral chariot of so illustrious an high priest of that divinity as was George Peabody?

But even Massachusetts is doing some better things. Last Thursday the joint special committee on the Woman Suffrage question gave a hearing in the Hall of the House of Representatives to the petitioners for the amendment of the State constitution in order to grant the ballot to women. Only a third part of the members were in their seats. The galleries were packed with ladies, who were naturally excited, and keenly watchful of every sound and motion on the floor. The hearing was opened by Rev. Rowland Connor, who appeared to represent the petitioners of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association. Mrs. Howe was the first speaker, and was followed by Mr. Garrison, Rev. Dr. Haven, and Mrs. Livermore of the *Woman's Journal*, which paper will no doubt convey to you a full account of the proceedings next week.

On the same day a large number of factory operatives from Lawrence and Fall River appeared before the Committee on Labor Reform to advocate the passage of a ten hour law, applying more particularly to the men, women and children who are obliged to labor in factories. It was urged upon the committee that severe penalties should be imposed upon the Superintendents of factories, who employ children under fifteen years of age; for in many cases, as several witnesses stated, they wilfully and knowingly violated this law. It is a sad confession for a native of Massachusetts to make, but truth compels me to say that the more her internal policy and practice are explored, as well in her so-called "charitable institutions" as her factories, the more certain it becomes that South Carolina in her palmiest days of slaveholding did not exceed her in scenes of cruelty and torment. Revelations are at this moment in progress which disclose a sublimation of cold-blooded cruelty in one of her Poor establishments, under which some of the inmates have been driven to down-right insanity. Nor is it by any means an unusual happening in this loud boasting and pretentious Commonwealth.

On Thursday evening last a meeting in aid of the proposed School of Horticulture for Women was held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, which was nearly filled by the friends of the enterprise. The meeting was called to order by Hon. Josiah Quincy, who, after a few happy remarks, introduced Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney.

Mrs. Cheney, who was greeted with applause, said, that the idea of a Horticultural School for Women was somewhat new in this country, but the labor which would be associated with it was not entirely new, for nearly every woman had cultivated flowers in her garden. One of the first things which led her thoughts toward a school of horticulture for woman was the idea of labor. The education of labor among women had become very important, and garden work would develop her physical and intellectual qualities, and above all things women needed was to recognize the dignity and propiety of work for all. She thought the rich women needed to be taught how to use their hands and poor women how to use their brains. In this school it was proposed to unite scientific training with the specialty of horticulture, and to give instruction in organic chemistry and botany and vegetable physiology.

Mrs. Cheney was followed by Mr. Charles Barnard who gave an interesting description of the business of florists in London, which in most cases he said was conducted by women. In his own experience in green-houses there was nothing with the exception of the lifting of large flower pots, which women could not do. He then gave a detailed account of the proper management of flowers, showing that none of its labor was beyond the power of women except the plowing. Other interesting addresses were made by James Freeman Clarke, D.D., Mrs. Livermore, and Mr. Edward S. Rand, who said that $15,000 was all that would be needed to commence with, $2,500 of which has already been subscribed. With $8,000 they could purchase a farm of eight or ten acres, and build a house, barn and outbuildings, and such a farm was available at any time. The sum of $7,000 was needed for running expenses for the Society during the next three years, for by that time it would either be a success or a failure. There was, however, no possibility of a failure if those interested would help the measure on.

At the conclusion of Mr. Rand's remarks the meeting adjourned full of enthusiastic hope.

The Labor Reformers are also at work with real working man and woman zeal and earnestness. Jennie Collins has just been called again to Washington (so soon) to address the associations there. Everything is encouraging.

P. P.

ONONDAGO COUNTY.

A SERIES of Suffrage meetings in various towns of this county having been proposed, they were initiated the 19th of January last by a meeting in Cicero, the northwest town. The Vice-President of the county, Mrs. Jennie White, her sister Mrs. Mead, and S. D. Dillaye, Esq., drove out from Syracuse to find a large audience awaiting them. Mrs. Mead called the meeting to order, Mr. Dillaye spoke for three-quarters of an hour, his address being listened to with breathless attention, and at its close, opportunity being offered for questions, quite debate took place.

The only fault our friends had to find with the meeting was the agreement of the people with them. No one really opposed them, but the great majority of their large audience seemed inclined fully to agree with the propositions presented, and the demands made.

A good word should be said for each of those three persons who conducted the meeting. It is yet less than a year since either of them was identified with our cause. Mrs. Mead, who presided, and admirably, as I am told, made then her first appearance in any public capacity. Her sister, Mrs. White, our Vice-President, is also new to the work, but is throughly in earnest, and has already laid a good foundation for the duties devolving upon her.

S. D. Dillaye, of the Syracuse bar, a man of culture and refinement, well-read in French literatare as well as in English, and quite thoroughly posted as to the past steps in our movement, made his debut in favor of Woman Suffrage last March during the discussion meetings held at that time. An address made by him at one of our county conventions last spring was widely circulated in pamphlet form and received high commendation from Mr. May and other of our prominent friends. A democrat in his political affinities, he more plainly than some others, sees the injustice, which, while giving the ballot to the black men of the nation, has alike denied it to *black* women and white women. But the Fifteenth Amendment having become a fixed fact, has lost its power of dividing our interests, and the radicals of each party and each sex can now work in harmony for the Sixteenth, which is to be the crowning glory of our amended and perfected constitution.

We are about taking steps for regular monthly county meetings in Syracuse, of all friends of our reform, and anticipate much progress from them. Will keep you posted as to movements when the plan is fully perfected.

Was in that city yesterday to perfect arrangements for Olive Logan's lecture there, March 8th, in the interest of our State Association. All assure me it must be a success. So goes on the work. The heart of the nation struck at Washington, we need to keep the extremities in action that the vitalizing current may not chill in its circuit. Let no one imagine that our success there permits a single person to stand idle in the field. Never more than to-day was there need of steady, persistent, energetic work,

(See last column of previous page)

Essex County Woman's Suffrage Association was organized at Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening, February 16th. Mr. Whitehead of Newark presided. Addresses were made by Mrs. Churchill of Rhode Island, Mrs. Wilbour of New York, Mrs. Burleigh of Brooklyn, and Lucy Stone. Mrs. Mary F. Davis of Orange was elected President of the Association. Miss Fanny Love, Corresponding Secretary. Lucy Stone, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Miss Love is an intelligent, pretty young teacher of Orange. It is encouraging to see fresh young life, talent and influence coming up to fill the places of the women who, for half a century, have toiled for *human* rights. God bless our young girls.

Lecture by Mrs. M. F. Wendt.—Mrs. Matilda F. Wendt, editor of the *Neue Zeit*, the German Woman's Rights paper of this city, delivered an elaborate and very interesting lecture on the "Moral Deliverance of Mankind," before the German Reading Club, at No. 200 Third Avenue, last night. She argued that the moral deliverance of mankind would be achieved by Woman's Rights—that is, her political and social equality with man. She said that no theoretical arguments could be brought to bear against Woman's Rights, and that the arguments brought forward to show that Woman's Suffrage was impracticable, were unsound. She enumerated the several arguments, and endeavored to refute them in a very able manner. She claimed that every woman ought to be entitled and enabled to support herself by her own work, so that she may not be compelled to marry for the purpose of being supported by her husband. The advocates of entire equal rights for woman in the family, the state, and in society, were aiming at the moral perfection and bodily improvement of the human race. By Women's Rights intellectual progress would be secured. The struggle for these rights was a holy and sublime one. The lecturer concluded with the hope that by the progress of civilization Woman's Rights, or the complete liberty of all mankind, would become established.—*New York Times.*

The Working Women.—Jennie Collins spoke in the Town Hall, Great Falls, N. H., on Tuesday evening, before the Working-women's Union, No. 2. The hall was hired, and the meeting was conducted entirely by the working girls. Mrs. Pickering presided. The platform was occupied only by working-women, most of them weavers and dressers. The Union is very large, and constantly increasing. The members were all dressed in regalias. These women had recently had their wages cut down two cents on a "cut." All the best workers in these mills having joined the Union, the price has been restored. Miss Collins never met with a better reception. The Union voted to take steps towards the formation of a reading-room and debating club. They have already subscribed for the *American Workman* and The Revolution. The world will yet acknowledge that working-women can do some things as well as anybody else.—*The American Workman.*

Conversazione.—The First Conversazione of the New York City Woman's Suffrage Association was given on Friday afternoon at Mrs. Dr. Hallock's, 140 E. 15th street. The afternoon was rainy, but many ladies were present, including several strangers. The lady managers who decided to exclude gentlemen, and reporters, were well satisfied with the success of the experiment, for every lady bore her part in the conversation.

Questions were asked by those who had never found courage to lift up their voices in a public meeting. During the afternoon there was an animated discussion on the question "will woman loose her womanliness by engaging in public affairs."

A lady who had spent much time among male prisoners related many interesting things about prison life and discipline.

Ladies interested in all questions concerning the elevation of Women, are invited to attend the Conversazione, given by the New York City Woman's Suffrage Association at Mrs. Dr. Hallack's, 140 East 15th street.

At a conference of Presiding Elders recently held in Boston, it was resolved to call woman out still more prominently in public religious services, and also in the official places of the church as stewards, class-leaders, superintendents of Sunday-schools, etc.

Joint Education of the Sexes.—The College *Courant* (Yale) is discussing very ably, by correspondence, the propriety and wisdom of educating the sexes together. Professor Bascom for the affirmative, is able and will hold the ground against any opposition that has yet appeared. He disposes of objections most tersely and summarily, thus, as specimen:

If the character of women is such, and their outside circumstances are such, that they are necessarily ridiculous in the handling and doing of weighty things, that calm deliberation and sturdy execution are absurdities with them, then certainly both the substance and form of our social life should be changed.....If it be objected to joint institutions, that they are not favored by the public, we may regard this as part of the evil to be removed. If it be urged that the form of education with young women is too diverse from that of young men to suffer a union, we are ready to respond, this, too, is an entailed mischief which we wish to remove. If it be thought that the giddiness of youth will not allow this intercourse, we inquire whether this after all is not the very method of correction? and whether greater responsibilities are not the condition of stronger character?

But the best solution of the problem possible, is the practical, and that is and has long been under trial in various institutions, and with the most satisfactory results.

Club Law in Schools.—The *Liberal Christian* says, "recent cases of serious injury to children by blows from the hands of their teachers, have given rise to much discussion of the whole question of the propriety of flogging or striking children in school. For our own part we will not send our children to any school where whipping is practised, because the painful and brutalizing effect of seeing a child whipped is worse for the spectators than for the victim."

Is whipping, in school or anywhere else, less barbarous than hanging in the state or burning alive in the church? All these must have their day, but the shorter the day the better.

"The Born Thrall."—It has hardly begun to unfold itself, and yet many testimonials of approval and even admiration have already come to hand. One lady, whose word is law in the literary circle where she lives, writes thus:

I am quite delighted with "The Born Thrall." Who thought Miss Cary had so much humor? Walsh Hill is true to the life, and the Brick Yard hands generally, are admirably represented.

A COURT SCENE.

The following comes from a gentleman in high standing at the New York City bar. The law is lately getting ahead of the gospel in its interest in such cases. Such a lawyer is an honor to the profession:

Dear Revolution: I clip the following from the *Tribune:*

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.

Before Mr. Justice Cardozo.—A Battle for a Child.—In re Eugene A. Drezelski.—This was a proceeding by the father to recover a child from its mother, they having separated voluntarily. The proceeding has been pending some time, the mother having only been induced to bring it before the court under the threats of the court that unless she did so she would be severely punished. The father insisted that the child should be placed, pending the proceeding, in charge of a lady friend of his, and the Judge inclining to that course, the lady friend seized the child and carried it off. The child called for its mamma, and the mother, who was then speaking to the Judge, ran out of the court-room after the child, and a struggle commenced between the two for its possession, only settled by the interposition of a third party, who carried it back into court. The mother, almost hysterical, clung to the child, and the court concluded, for the present, to leave it in her charge.

Is there nothing for society to laugh at or mourn over, in the fact that a civilization which enacts statutes to prevent unnecessary pain to galled horses and lame donkeys, sanctions by its laws such justice as this scene implies? Justice Cardozo is a humane man and was in the line of his professional duty in directing this child to be torn from its mother and given to the "lady friend" of the husband. The law allows the court to tear a child from its mother's arms and consign it to a strange woman, at the will of a husband who has voluntarily parted with his wife, because of *his superior* rights. Out upon such a statute and the civilization which engenders it. Its execution is a sin against God and man, and ought to be resisted by every decent person in the community until the mob which made it has been educated to repeal it.

J. K. H.

"WALL STREET AROUSED!"

Such is the fearful heading of a news item in a cotemporary paper. What can have "aroused" that usually peaceful locality? "Two *women* have leased the offices, No. 44 Broad street, and have established themselves as stock brokers." Is it because these persons are *women* that Wall Street is frightened out of its propriety? Not at all! The chronicler of this alarming event proceeds to say, "The popular feeling against them, was not so much because women embark in the business of stock brokerage, as because of their antecedents!"

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What wave of morality has swept over Wall street just at this time? Would it be impossible to find a *man* in that immaculate quarter, against whom some whisper of irregular practices might have been heard? These women are accused of having humbugged the public as clairvoyant physicians. Do you suppose, Mrs. Editor, that if Dr. Newton, the Prince of medical charlatans, who has taken thousands of dollars from the people, with no adequate return, had leased an office in that stock-gambling quarter, that the "Street" would have been "aroused?"

Why, even good Mr. Corbin thinks that overreaching the public is perfectly legitimate in money-making!

The only reason of this dreadful flurry in the Street, as every man knows, (and woman knows, too), is, that these obnoxiou

individuals are feminine, who have broken through the barriers of that charmed circle, hitherto sacred to the honesty and honor of that noble creature, *man*.

For myself, I should not fancy the business of stock brokerage, nor relish the associations one must have, while the business is conducted as it is at present; but if there are women who have the taste and ability to engage in what is considered by the community as honorable business, they have a perfect *right* so to do, whatever their "antecedents." Those men who carried "insulting remarks and shameful allusions" to the ears of the first women who are attempting to make a little money as *men* make it, certainly showed their *gentlemanly* courtesy and breeding, and have fully proved themselves men entitled to the supremacy which men have always claimed. M. F. G.

WHAT A BUCKEYE IS DOING.

THE Editor of the *Republican Standard*, away down in Carrolton, Louisiana, writes a letter to THE REVOLUTION, in which, after commending us in high terms, he gives a little account of himself. He has been seven years from his native state, Ohio, and has been engaged in teaching the freedmen, lecturing and editing or writing for newspapers. Was an editor at the time of the terrible New Orleans riot in 1868, and defended the colored people in their terrible tornado of fury, fire and blood, and says he has them now all on his side. The rest, he may tell in his own words:

Last week I was given full management, editorial and otherwise, of the *Republican Standard*, a cheap, widely circulated semi-weekly, published at this point. Considering that I am not twenty years of age yet, I regard this as an early practical commencement of active life. The motto of my paper is "The Republic, Progress and Reform." It is a rather high sounding motto, but I mean every bit of it to the extent of my ability. The press throughout is giving me many complimentaries to encourage me. To-day I publish the prospectus of THE REVOLUTION for 1870, make a clipping, give a notice, and propose to clip and notice frequently such matter as will tend to prepare Louisiana for the agitation of Woman Suffrage. I wish you to favor me with an exchange. I write this letter as a sort of introduction. I propose to work as an editor or citizen to aid every wholesome reform necessary to society, and will be pleased to aid in the circulation of THE REVOLUTION and its doctrine in Louisiana. Respectfully your obedient servant,

EMERSON BENTLEY.

CALAMITY OF BEING A WOMAN.—Mrs. Bradwell, of Chicago, the talented editor of the *Legal News*, is most unfortunate. She could not be a Notary Public because she is married. And now, worse and worse, she cannot be licensed as an Attorney at Law, because she is a woman! The *Legal News* spreads out the interminable opinion of Judge Lawrence on the question, but life is entirely too short for perusal of so unimportant a prairie of verbiage. Editorially, Mrs. Bradwell says:

We would direct the attention of our readers to the opinion of our own Supreme Court, delivered by the learned Judge Lawrence, upon refusing to grant us a license to practice law, after we had complied with every rule of the Supreme Court and the law of state in regard to the admission of attorneys, upon the sole ground that a *woman* cannot be admitted to the bar in the state of Illinois.

THE LIFTING CURE.—It is hardly a year old in New York, and yet Prof. Janes has already branched over into Brooklyn, after having established two flourishing academies in this city; one at 274 Fulton street, and one, very spacious, at 830 Broadway.

ODES AND LETTERS.

FOR THE FIFIETH BIRTHDAY OF S. B. A. FEBRUARY 15, 1870.

BY JOHN HOOKER.

WHAT! Fifty years! Who would have guessed it!
You shouldn't, Susan, have confessed it.
Yet it so must be. Fifty years
Have smiled their sunshine, wept their tears,
Since, cold with frost and white with snow,
With wintry winds the news to blow,
The earth gave welcome, glad yet wild,
To thee, her own prophetic child.
Were there no portents, no wild throe
Of nature, fifty years ago?
No quakes of earth, no clash of stars—
As earth received our maiden Mars?

Ah none there were; yet I feel sure
Thy Quaker mother, calm, demure,
Wondered sometimes at thy unrest,
And feared thou wert a babe unblest.
She thought 'twas stomach-ache, it may-be.
Or other common ill of baby,
And little dreamed what thou wert dreaming,
Nor weened, what thou, unweaned, wert scheming.
Oh, fearless Susan, even then
Thou saw'st in dreams, us horrid men—
Our laws made only for aggression,
Thy gentle sex in sad repression,
The boys unlovely, girls unloved;
No wonder thy young heart was moved,
And that thou vow'dst an infant vow,
Which thou has kept from then to now,
To keep us savage men indicted
Until that dreadful wrong was righted.

Susan, thou well that vow hast kept;
On lonely pillow hast thou slept;
On lonely way thy walk hast taken:
All common earthly joys forsaken;
—Sweet home, to none more dear than thee,
The charm of prattling infancy,
All that thy loving heart could bless,
Thy heart of rarest tenderness.

Well, Susan, thy success is sure;
No hoary wrong can long endure,
When faith and courage such as thine
Are consecrate on such a shrine.
Thy faith and courage shall prevail
Against our jointed coats of "male,"
And we shall find how great a blunder
We didn't long ago go under,
And (gospel lovers) help displace
The reign of *Law* for that of *Grace*.

That time will come; may I be there to see.
That time will come; and there may Susan B.

ODE TO S. B. A.

BY R. C. B.

THREE cheers on this semi-centennial
To her who with her heart so perennial,
Stands firm against unrighteous laws,
A beacon to liberty's cause.
We honor our heroes in battle
Who stand mid the roar and the rattle,
And flinch not for shot or for shell.
And should we not honor as well
Her, who's stood for two decades and more
Unflinching 'mid sharp thrusts, and sore,
Mid blows, to which war's leaden hail
Were as zephyrs to storms fiercest gale.
Bring crowns for the victor in war,
Shout pæans when battles are o'er,
Greener far, be the bays for *her* brow,
Than should circle wars heroes, I trow;
Who raiseth the war-cry, "For God and the Human!"
And writes on her brave banner, "Freedom for Woman."
Long years hast thou fought, our dear country to save
From stain of oppression—and freed is each slave.
They speed to our shores, Celt, Chinese and Turk,
The rich and the poor for pastime or work,
From Afric's far clime, from the isles of the sea,
We welcome them all to "The Home of the Free."
Our Temple of Liberty opens to all—
No man so degraded but brother we call;
But while freedom's flag doth so grandly wave *o'er* them
Has it no fold to shelter the mothers who bore them?
But sombre my strain on this festival day,
We came not to moralize, but to be gay—
To sum up our victories—cease solemn rhyme—
Let's fill up our glasses, and have a good time.
Here's a health to thee, Susan, in best of cold water,
May thy toils never cease until each mother's daughter
Has taken to heart the brave lessons thou'st taught her.
And when fifty years more to thy life have been given
And thy last blow for liberty home has been driven,
May'st thou still be as blooming and fresh as a rose,
And one pair of spectales more on thy nose
Be thy only sad record of time as it goes.
Then three hearty cheers on this semi-centennial,
To our dear old Susan with heart all perennial.
Long, long may she stand against unrighteous laws
A glorious beacon to Liberty's cause.

LETTER FROM SENATOR POMEROY OF KANSAS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1870.

LADIES: I cannot accept your kind invitation to be present at the Reception on Tuesday evening, in person, but shall always be present in sympathy with any number of persons who will express their admiration for those sterling traits which adorn the life and character of the lady who now passes the fiftieth anniversary of her most devoted and unselfish life.

I am glad to tender the legal representative of a dollar for each of those years, with the confident assurance of the early triumph of that *cause* to which her life has been singularly devoted. This *greenback* is no surer of being redeemed in gold than is my confidence in the golden era of legal enfranchisement for woman! In the hour of that golden resumption of political rights we will all rejoice together. I see its promise reflected from our golden Western mountains, where the air is the purest and the skies most serene. The rich prairie states of the central West will next resume golden enfranchisement; and long before Miss Anthony sees her "three score and ten," the political equality of all American citizens will be fully established. With sentiments of the highest esteem, I am very cordially, and truly,

S. C. POMEROY.

FROM MRS. KATE JACKSON, DANSVILLE, N. Y.

"Looking toward sunset," after years well fraught
With strong brave deed, and earnest word and thought;
May the clear light of its prophetic rays,
Reveal to thee the happy coming days
When woman, crowned with strength for worthful deeds,
And love that ministers to human needs,
And grace and faith to God's high throne that leads,
Shall joy in *freedom* as her right of birth,
And, Heaven's smile upon her, bless the earth.

LETTER FROM MRS. BURLEIGH.

DEAR MRS. PHELPS: It is with sincere regret that I am compelled to decline your invitation to be present at the reception given in honor of Miss Anthony's fiftieth birthday. The Brooklyn Women's Club, of which I am President, has its first reception that evening and my presence is a necessity.

Rest assured that I shall be with you in spirit, and that if my means were equal to my regard for Miss Anthony, my offering would be munificent. I regard her as pre-eminently *the* heroic woman of the age, and all women her debtors to an extent which the future much better than the present will be able to estimate.

As a slight token of the esteem and love of Mr. Burleigh and myself, please accept the enclosed.

Very truly yours, CELIA BURLEIGH.

37 Huntington st., Brooklyn, Feb. 14, 1870.

LETTER FROM DR. ROOT OF KANSAS.

WASHINGTON, February 11, 1870.

ELIZABETH B. PHELPS, MRS. A. B. DARLING, CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, "*Committee*" *to look after* "*Sister Susan's*" *fiftieth birthday.*

LADIES: I have the honor herewith to acknowledge the great pleasure it gives me to respond to your invitation "to a Reception, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of Miss Anthony." And most cheerfully do I avail myself of the privilege of sending my greeting, being unfortunately unable in person to be with you on that occasion.

Though I have known Miss Anthony for several years, I did not dream that the flowers of *fifty* springs had been strewn in her path. No look of hers gives indication that the hoar frosts of five full decades have passed over her head. If the winds of two score and ten autumns have tried their blanching powers, they have done so without leaving a tinge of the "sear and yellow leaf."

The sunny smiles of half a century of summers have still left "*Our Susan*" bright, agile and strong, full of heroic fire to do and dare whatever high pur-

pose and firm resolve may dictate in favor of her great work for Godand humanity.

God bless her! and may she live many happy, joyous years, and may they continue long after she shall have realized the full fruition of her highest hopes and warmest wishes.

That she and her noble coworkers are soon to see the complete triumph of the Woman's Cause I firmly believe. And when in after years the great benefactors of this century are hunted up, Susan B. Anthony's name will be found occupying one of the highest niches in the temple of honest fame.

Please accept my most cordial greeting in behalf of the Recipient, the Occasion and the Cause for which your Reception will be held,

Truly yours, J. P. Root.

LETTER FROM WHITELAW REID

Tribune Office, Feb. 15, 1870.

My Dear Miss Anthony: A previous engagement, which I ought not to break, will deprive me of the pleasure of adding my congratulations this evening to those of your other friends.

There will be among those who sympathize with, and rejoice in, your labors, no lack of testimony to-night to their persistence and value;—but from one who deplores both, you will perhaps be willing to hear a hearty, cordial, admiring expression of the regard he is nevertheless forced to cherish for the sincerity and unmistakeably disinterested devotion which have marked your long and hopeful work in the cause you hold so dear and serve so faithfully.

I cannot wish you the success you seek:—let me give you this better wish, that the anniversary your friends celebrate to-night, may never bring (in the scores of annual recurrences we all hope for you), fewer tokens of regard than now, and never find you seeming less the cheerful worker "of faithful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."

With renewed congratulations I am,

Very cordially yours, Whitelaw Reid.

Miss Susan B. Anthony.

LETTER FROM D. R. ANTHONY.

Leavenworth, Kan., Feb. 15, 1870.

Dear Sister: Only heard of your Reception yesterday. Telegraphed you this morning. Enclosed is check for $50. One dollar for each year of your life. Will agree to give you the same pro rata sum on your one hundreth birthday. I hope The Revolution will live a thousand years. With love,

Your brother, D. R. Anthony.

FROM MRS. S. C. POMEROY.

Washington, Feb. 14th, 1870.

Miss Anthony—*My dear Madam:* Although you well know that my sympathies are not with you and your associates on the question of "Woman's Rights," in what seems to me the extremest and most absurd sense, yet I think I have perception sufficient to appreciate your honesty of purpose, your self-devotion to principle; so will not let this occasion pass without adding a mite to a sum which I hope may be a generous one.

With the promise that my offering shall be doubled on the day of my conversion to your faith, I am,

Very sincerely, Mrs. S. C. Pomeroy.

FROM MISS SARAH JOHNSTON.

New York, Feb. 15, 1870.

Mesdames Phelps, Darling *and* Wilbour:

Ladies: I received your invitation to be present at the Reception to be given to Miss Susan B. Anthony on the occasion of the anniversary of her fiftieth birth-day.

I take great delight in responding, and ask you to receive my "greeting" in the shape of one of Benedict's watches, chain and pin, for the acceptance of the noblest, most self-sacrificing and faithful of all the noble women engaged in the cause for which she has so long and so successfully labored, amid the sneers of unprincipled editors, as well as assuming and arrogant friends of the cause—male and female.

May she live to see the consummation of that Reform for which she has devoted so large a portion of her life.

Yours very truly, Sarah Johnston.

FROM MR. AND MRS. JACOB HEATON.

Salem, O., Feb. 12th, 1870.

To Eliz. B. Phelps *and others*—Dear Friends: No one will rejoice more heartily than we, that the women of America are appreciating the services of their sister Susan B. Anthony, who has devoted 20 years of the prime of her life, in the service of a cause, which lies at the foundation of all human progress, the elevation of woman, which church and state have combined to oppose.

To your invitation to be present we send our regrets, that bodily we cannot be with you, but in spirit, we will be present.

Go on, woman will not only secure the right of suffrage in the state, but in the church will be elevated to the standing of man's equal, realizing that "there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus."

The absurdity will be manifest that Paul ever meant that "Women were to keep silence in the churches," as a rule of general import. Yet that idea of man's supremacy, as taught by the church, is an invention of the dark ages of despotism, and tends to crush woman's free spirit. And the government of the United States treats women as aliens en masse. These church and state restrictions on woman, designed to degrade her and exalt man, must be abolished.

Go on in your good work, for "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

Yours for the elevation of woman,

Jacob Heaton,
Elizabeth P. Heaton.

To Miss Anthony *of* The Revolution: From a twenty years acquaintance—$20; would that two more ciphers, at least, were possible!

February 15, 1820.
February 15, 1870.

FROM MRS. A. H. GIBBONS.

346 West 33d Street.

Susan—*My dear Friend:* I could not be where I longed to be last evening, where I could look upon the toil worn face of the true, tried and never found wanting—the one of all others, who has borne the heat of the day, and that without wilting or complaining—ever hopeful, on and ever pursuing "the even tenor of her way."

I read the notice in the evening paper and the lines of the dear Phœbe Bird who sings so in harmony, with cheerful, sprightly tone. Absence shall not keep from thee my mite, and how I wish it was ten, yes, twenty times as much; and here it is with my love, respect and genuine friendship. Good bye my dear friend. Be of brave heart and believe, let others do as they may, that I am thy fast friend, A. H. Gibbons.

Feb. 10, 1870.

FROM MARTHA C. WRIGHT, OF AUBURN N. Y.

The following lines accompained a beautiful gold pen:

Dear Susan, as you do not choose
To have your praises spoken,
I trust that you will not refuse
To take from me, this token.

Inscribe with it, upon your page,
In words that vary never,
But brighter grow, from age to age,
"Enfranchisement for ever!"

Lovingly, your friend, M. C. Wright.

Erie County Woman Suffrage Association; Buffalo, N. Y. Ellen K. Baker, Pres. Orrell C. Beman, V. Pres. Eliza E. Clark, Rec. Sec. Mary R. Scott, Cor. Sec. Marion Philleo, Treas.

Buffalo, Feb. 14, 1870.

Mrs. Phelps—*Dear Madam:* The ladies of this association wish me to say to you that although unable to attend Miss Anthony's anniversary, they heartily concur in the sentiment which prompted it, and desire you to present to her the enclosed check for $50, as a token of their esteem and appreciation of her untiring and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of Woman.

Mary R. Scott, Cor. Sec'y.

LETTER FROM FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

Hartford, Feb. 14, 1870.

My Dear Miss Anthony: Please accept my best wishes on this your semi-centennial anniversary. May there be as many years for you in the future as are already numbered with the past, but long before their termination may you see the full triumph of the cause to which you have devoted your life. See the dawn of the day when the contemptible mockery which is now called freedom, shall give place to something better worth the name. When the world shall comprehend that liberty for men alone is a pretty poor article, and that the day for playing that farce has drawn to its close.

Yours is a "golden wedding" indeed—for the fiftieth anniversary of a life that has been wedded to a great cause is a far more glorious golden wedding than those which generally go by that name.

Again I say accept my heartiest wishes for your welfare and for the success of your novel celebration. Hitherto the privilege of growing old and possessing common sense has belonged exclusively to the other sex.

Probably the time will come when a woman can make full use of whatever faculties nature has endowed her with, and when she can grow old, and grey, and palsied, and purblind, and yet step as gracefully into her grave, at 95 as a man of the same age, and with as little disgrace at having kept out of it so long.

Sincerely yours, Frances Ellen Burr.

LETTER FROM LAURA C. BULLARD.

84 Second Place,
Brooklyn, Feb. 14, 1870.

My Dear Miss Anthony: It will be impossible for my father, mother or myself to congratulate you in person on having attained your fiftieth birthday, as we have a previous engagement—a club meeting at our own house.

Please accept, however, the enclosed check of $50, as a slight token of regard from the absent trio. As I hardly need tell you, the lion's share of this birthday gift is sent by my father, but neither mother nor I will admit that in the *un*substantial, and yet I hope not valueless, part of the offering, the personal regard and appreciation of your noble work for woman, which accompanies it, our contribution is any less than his.

With best wishes for your continued life and health, which in your case means continued usefulness, I remain yours very truly, Laura C. Bullard.

Fayetteville, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1870.

My Dear Miss Anthony: I exceedingly regret my inability to be present at your anniversary, but by my pen let me congratulate you on the ripe, mellow age at which you have arrived. Fifty years! What has not been the history and the advance of the world during that period. The year you were born, the Missouri compromise, designed to rivet black slavery forever, was passed. Of woman's slavery the world had scarcely thought. Mary Wollstonecraft, to be sure, had written of her wrongs, but like the first drops of a falling shower, her book had apparently made no impression.

In the material world the steamboat was but in its infancy, while the railroad and the telegraph were unknown. Even the common lucifer match was a thing o the future. Fire was carefully covered at night to be as laboriously enkindled in the morning, and on summer afternoons children were often sent to borrow live coals of some neighbor, to kindle the fire for tea.

Our vast iron and coal deposits were undiscovered, gas and kerosene were alike unknown; sperm oil or the tallow dip was "the students midnight lamp." California, White Pine and the Pacific Railroad were hidden from mortal view; navigation on the great lakes had not begun, and even for many years after that time, the states of Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin were *terra incognitia*, and the city of Buffalo was the far west. Even "Clinton's big ditch" was but a possibility, for incredulous business men laughed at the proposed Erie Canal.

The Cenis railway, the Suez canal, the sources of the Nile, and the trans-Atlantic cable were things of the unknown future, and all the labor-saving inventions of the age were as undreamed of possibilities, as would be Aladdin's Lamp, or the Wishing Carpet or the Arabian Nights!

In the moral world, too, how great the change. The Holy Inquisition which crushed men's bodies for the disbelief of their souls, was in some countries still extant, East and West India, slavery and the burning of Hindoo widows was winked at by England, and Russia held firm grip on twenty millions of serfs. In our own country the blacks had neither name, family or home, and very few persons acknowledged them as part of humanity. Woman everywhere, as wife, mother and citizen, was absorbed in man, her individuality ignored. her responsibility practically denied, and over the whole world was still spread this vilest despotism ever invented by the selfishness of man.

Can you look back and believe this to be the same earth? The work of centuries has been condensed into the past fifty years. The secrets of nature yield themselves up to man as never before, and the physical world has been born anew within that time. The intellect has expanded, and every department of the outside world is marked with the results of its growth.

Nor has the moral world been one whit behind the physical in changes wrought.

Caste, a thing not confined to India, has broken apart and shown mankind their common brotherhood. Men no longer fear to touch and work for their outcast fellow-men. Good people go down into the depths, and by kind words and kinder touch they lead up to renewed manhood that which seemed lost past redemption. No plague spot so black, no ulcer so unclean that some human angel is not found to cleanse it.

Woman, too, is coming up to own herself. Her edu-

ection is thought of, her wages attract the attention of political economists, and moral economists begin to see the worth and virtue of bread and morality. It is no longer a supposition that vice rests on want,—it is no longer a hypothesis that the slavery of the body is also moral slavery;—the science of statistics shows us that the man or woman who cannot get wages for work, is the man or woman who breaks the moral law. To own one's self, to own one's home, to feel individual responsibility, and to possess acknowledged individual rights in all that concerns one's own education, work, wages, property, and in the government under which one lives, is to place one on a broad moral foundation which neither winds nor waves shall overthrow.

To this end you have worked for the slave and for woman. To this end your fifty years shine about you, and rest like a halo of glory around your head.

Heretofore to acknowledge one's self single,—to tell one's age, has been looked upon as the death note for woman. Held by the world as a toy and a slave, her value like that of such articles has been only in her youth and her good looks. Loved and prized for her body alone, her intellect and her soul have been passed aside as dross, and no terms of reproach have equalled those of *old woman, old maid.*

The grey haired matrons of the Woman Suffrage Reform,—those who by their eloquence hold staid Senators for hours entranced, are giving a different meaning to the former reproachful term; while thousands of America's finest daughters are standing single by *your* side, proudly claiming the latter name in preference to a wedlock in which youth and beauty are made matters of purchase and sale.

Fifty years to-day! When that half century again rolls around, you and I will be in our graves, and our names and work will stand back of us to all time. But into that future I look with prophetic eye to see woman no longer enslaved, and to find, not only on this continent, but over the world, as benefactor of the race, with that of Susan B. Anthony.

Your affectionate friend,

MATILDA E. JOSLYN GAGE.

LETTER FROM THEODORE TILTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND SUSAN: My good husband in writing from Toledo, says, "Tell Susan that all the newspaper accounts taken together, could not increase the pride which I have long taken in her pertinacious, obstinate, fault-finding, raspish, strong-minded dogmatic, and grand career. God bless her!" To all of which I subscribe most affectionately,

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

THE PULPITS SPEAR.—Every week brings new voices. Rev. Mr. Mellen of Detroit, Mich., and Rev. Mr. Vibbert of Rockport, Mass., have just delivered able discourses in favor of woman's civil and political rights, as well as social, educational and industrial. Both discourses have found their way to the public press.

MOLLIE LEWIS, a colored girl, from Cincinnati, has gone down into Wassau, Ky., and opened a school for the education of colored children. The school is said to be prosperous and well-conducted. It has thirty-one day and eleven night pupils already, after only two weeks.

THE *World* says there is good authority for the statement that a metropolitan dancing woman makes $10,000 a year by her profession. Old Dr. Beecher, many years ago, said of Fanny Elsler, that "her divinity was in her heels."

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.—New Haven, Ct., has connected a well-provided department for it with the High School, both sexes to enjoy alike its advantages.

MRS. SALLY T. ATKINSON, a recently appointed clerk in the Washington dead letter office, has a salary of $1,200 per annum.

HARRIET HOSMER'S estate foots up $115,000. At least so the newspapers report it.

MRS. STANTON has been suffering for two weeks with a severe attack of pneumonia, but is now out of danger, and hopes to be able to meet most of her western appointments.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine eleven years, for all sorts of family sewing, from the very coarsest—even carpet-binding—to the finest worn by women, and requiring No. 300 cotton. It gives me still entire satisfaction, and I can not too highly recommend it to others as a family comfort. Solely from my appreciation of your machine above all others, I have been the means of selling more than a hundred of them.

Dover, Del. MRS. C. SLAUGHTER.

DOT AND I.—OUR PULPIT.

NO. III.

DOT wakes me charmingly, now days. Before the peep of day there is a stir and a flutter in the snug nest where Dot and I sleep, side by side, these cold nights. Then a happy little voice begins: "Ah, dah, dah, dah!" almost in whispers at first. It is Dot— at her morning devotions, I suppose. So I "take a half hour," too, like the girls at Holyoke Seminary, only they have to get out of bed first. It seldom takes me long to say my own prayers.

If I would pray
I've naught to say
But this—that God may be God still;
For Him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish, His will.

To pray in distinct words, I mean; for sometimes I can see and feel God working in all things so clearly, that I think I know what it is to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks. It is easy to see and feel that now,

And aye to thanks returns my thought.

What in the world is Dot's little heart bubbling over such sweet thanksgivings for? She does not speak English, it is the universal baby language, and I cannot quite understand it all. It is perfectly safe to respond "amen," however, and this I silently do, as I lie and listen, holding down the blankets, meanwhile, to keep the blithe darling from fluttering out into the cold. She grows more earnest, and I think best to inform her papa, who occupies the adjoining room, that Dot wants a fire made. She is silent while we speak to each other, but I know by her expressive manner of breathing that she understands and approves. Then comes her petition for "daily bread," a prayer which I feel some responsibility about answering. I draw her head down upon my arm, and while she takes her early breakfast, I do the talking. Words are not always necessary, there is such a thorough good understanding between us.

This morning I told her about a letter received last night from the proprietor of THE REVOLUTION. That singular "old maid" wants to hear from Dotty again. She ought to be gratified. It may be the means of her conversion from the dreadful heresies of Woman's Rights to more orthodox, womanly doctrines. It will not be equal to "a brace of twins" of her own, of course; but we will see whether Dot can do anything for her and for the strong-minded generally.

Some folks think a baby's influence is always anti-Woman's Rights. Dot's teachings have not affected me so, but perhaps I am peculiar. She shall try a larger audience.

It is better than that pulpit of my own, I have so often wished for, because the ministers I listented to did not preach all the practical truths I thought they ought to. Crude sermons mine would have been, no doubt, but I am not ashamed of having had those "calls" to preach. I have often looked upon masculine students of Theology, wondering whether they had felt such a powerful "woe is me" as I had known. But I could not make out just what kind of a pulpit I was called to, and—well, little Dot, you will help me to understand it all, perhaps.

It seems to me that Dot is about as good a teacher as any one need ask for, but her papa insists that I am prejudiced in her favor, when he hears me praise her. There is more disagreement in this house about Dotty than on any other subject. When any one speaks in her praise, some other one is sure to exclaim at the absurdity of such remarks. We all try to pretend that we do not think her at all "remarkable," and, really, I suppose she is not. But she is, for the present, "*our baby.*" There was one before this, and, as in all cases of first-love, we couldn't believe any brother or sister of that little darling could ever be *quite* so cunning, or so dear. It would hardly do for any one to suggest now, that Dotty's baby charms would ever be equalled or eclipsed by another member of the family. God is very good to us parents. Thanks for the *love* we bear our children!

Now, if I can only interpret Dot properly! I will try, but she must not be held responsible for all that I write. Some day she may feel mortified by her mother's radicalisms. She may wish I had been darning socks this very evening. It is quite likely, however, that she will herself take up reforms I have not yet even dreamed of. The world does move, and it moves fast of late. I like to go along with it. I like to help it move. I want my children to be ready to prove all things and hold fast the good, whether it be new or old; and I hope to work at that business, side by side, with them, if not in advance, as long as I live.

Hobby riding, even, is not as dangerous as lifelessness, though your hobby may throw you and cause you some bruises. But one can be earnest in every good cause without mounting a hobby. If people are in earnest, they will be likely to let words and deeds prove their earnestness.

I was thinking of my dear mother's gentle caution lately sent me not to make a "hobby" of Woman's Suffrage. She believes in it, but THE REVOLUTION did not circulate in her neighborhood, and she could hardly realize that the hour has come for the long, strong pull all-together, that is to set our feet as a nation, on higher ground than they have ever stood on before. So I told her, and sent her a copy of THE REVOLUTION. She wrote back that she had read it, and would lend it to "the minister," as I requested, and there was no further caution to me.

Mothers and daughters all, let us draw close together, and try to understand and help each other all we can.

FAITH ROCHESTER.

Letter from P. W. D., and English letter left out.

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Instead of expending a large amount of money in advertising our MAGAZINE, we propose to use the amount in purchasing Sewing Machines, to be given gratuitously to those who will personally exhibit a copy, and secure us 25 subscribers at $3 each for one year. We are induced to pursue this course because we believe that the MAGAZINE has sufficient merit to commend itself wherever shown, and we prefer to obtain a still larger circulation at once through the exertions of live agents rather than pursue a long course of advertising (at great expense) and waiting a long time for the MAGAZINE to find its way by that channel into households which would gladly welcome it to-day. Therefore we offer a first-class $75 Sewing Machine to each person who will send us $75 and the names of 25 subscribers to our MAGAZINE for the year 1870. Those who accept our proposition are requested to notify us at once by mail enclosing the amount (25 cents each) for the specimen copies they desire—one or more.

Those unacquainted with us can deposit the money at their Express Office (to be paid upon receipt of the Sewing Machine) at the same time sending us the list of subscribers and the receipt of the Express Agent who holds the money.

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